The October 25 Cents

Police!

Magazine

Twenty Interesting Features

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The Old Fifth Avenue Hotel was a center of Fashion

when Fruhauf first applied custom-shop practice to ready-to-wear clothes

ALMOST any man who was anybody in the City could be found at some time of day at the "Fifth Avenue." There was the Amen Corner, famed in fable . . . and the hospitable bar famed in fact! Just across the way, Cafe Martin held forth.

The alert fashion writer could have filled his notebook with the new ideas flashing forth at this busy corner. But one idea did more than flash; it came and stayed and revolutionized an industry. It was the Fruhauf Idea of making custom-clothes ready to wear.

At that time there were no fine ready-mades. The Fruhauf shop was devoted to made-to-measure clothes . . . . the first and last word in sartorial art. Then the change came; first gradually, as we sold a few garments to certain merchants—later in growing volume as men discovered that here at last were ready-made clothes that did not smack of a sewing machine and came in something else but stiffish, harsh woolens.

* * *

That was nearly a quarter of a century ago. Hotels, styles, ideas . . . have changed. And we have changed with them, keeping constantly abreast of time in all things which constitute a tailoring organization dedicated to the service of well dressed men.

This picture was taken in 1907, just before the famous hostelry was torn down. The auto bus was one of the first on Fifth Avenue.

But we have never varied those first honest manufacturing principles that have made the name Fruhauf synonymous with the finest ready-to-wear clothing it is possible to produce.

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Police Magazine

ISSUED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLICE CONFERENCE

October, 1924

PERRITON MAXWELL
Editor and Manager

WALTER G. SPRINGER
Business Manager

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"The Croupiers' arms grew weary as they continued, almost unceasingly, to push in Hippolyte's direction the winnings of that favored gentleman from Nogent le Rotrou prison."

(*See "The Prisoner Who Came Back," page* 16)

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POLICE MAGAZINE

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The Policeman's Prayer

By THE EDITOR

GIVE me unfailing courage at all times and under all conditions. Let me look into the face of death with unblinking eyes and with no sense of fear.

Teach me to realize that there are prowling human wolves ever ready to devour the innocent, that there are depraved creatures, cast in the comely human mould, to whom murder is but an incident and crime in all its hideous phases only an occupation.

Grant that I may live my life simply and keep my mind clean.

Let me acquire, superlatively, the art of self-defence against the cunning wiles of mine own and the peoples' enemies.

Steel me against the machinations of those who would corrupt me.

May I never disgrace my uniform nor think too lightly of those who, by long service and faithfulness to duty, have earned the right to rank above me.

Let me possess the virtues of a soldier on the battlefield.

Let me traverse my beat as the Roman Emperors of old trod the Forum. But preserve me from personal vanity and the arrogance which too often goes with power.

Save me from all pettiness in my dealings with those less fortunately placed in life. Aid me in understanding that my calling is a truly noble one, that it involves self-sacrifice, the maintainance of a robust body and a cool head, and that, first and last, I must be a man among men.

Help me to be lightning-quick in determining the right thing to do in grave emergencies.

Help me to cultivate a warm heart and a ready hand for the needy and the weak.

May I be greatly feared by the law-breaker and greatly loved by my friends.

When, in the course of duty, it becomes necessary to grapple with thugs bent upon my destruction, let my gun aim be true and my fist blow devastating.

Cause me to do my work with cheerful mien and honest zeal.

Teach me to bear myself, in storm and sunshine, in congenial or distasteful locations, always as the blue-clad symbol of civilization's law, without which there would be but little happiness on this earth and no reason whatsoever for human progress.

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My Exciting Adventures with Strange
Cops the World Around

By Major WOLCOTT LE CLEAR BEARD

This lively appreciation of policemen with whom he has consorted, from Manhattan to the Back O' Beyond, is written by a globe-circling ex-Major of U. S. A. Engineers. The author has fought in two wars and explored the wilds of four continents

ONCE there was a lawyer—of sorts—who accepted the writer's retainer, failed to put his case on the calendar, and, when it was made plain that his services were no longer desired, became grossly insulting. He prudently used the telephone for this latter purpose, it is true; but our residences were not far apart. . . . We met at his door.

"A fine large nose he had," as Kipling makes his Mulvaney say, "and well it paid for a little groomin'." I enjoyed this grooming process very much indeed, but the lawyer did not. So he howled for the police, and an officer came. He had to arrest me of course, but by him, and afterward by everyone at the Mercer Street Police Station, I was treated with a courtesy that greatly astonished me, born-and-bred New Yorker though I am.

This started a train of thought which lasted through the short remainder of that summer night. Police I had seen in various parts of "the world's back-kitchen and woodshed" passed in procession through my mind. At first these mental pictures impressed me only with the contrasts they presented to the police of my native city, but soon I began to see underlying resemblances as well. Men of similar aims and calling never can be wholly unlike.

IT was hot, there in the station-house, and from without a whiff of some odor—refuse, p r o b a b l y—floated in through the windows, bringing with it a sudden, vivid memory of Juana Diaz in Porto Rico, a little city overshadowed by its huge cathedral.

I was a lieutenant of engineers, and had halted my platoon of husky but newly-arrived men to rest it, in the summer of '98. Everything was new to us; the tiny horses, beautiful oxen with yokes lashed to their foreheads, the crowds that gathered and—especially—the policemen.

Their uniforms, of what looked like bed-ticking, were made in boys' sizes, but even so were too large. Their appearance caused one of my men—his name was Kelly—to remark that the "childher" evidently had tumbled out of bed and come running in their pajamas to "see the pretty sojers" and had brought their baseball bats along. I shut him up, but my eyes as well as his had been drawn to those clubs of theirs—"bats," as he called them. They didn't come in boys' sizes. Nothing at all like that! Thick, a yard long and loaded at their business ends with brass, they might have been used for paving-rams.

They were fascinating—those super night-sticks; but their attraction for me was nothing to the effect that they had upon Kelly. So when I was looking in another direction he calmly abstracted one from the hands of its owner and somehow managed to hide it in his pack. I first became aware of this interesting fact when the despoiled policeman sent an old woman—if her age was less than a hundred and fifty years, her looks belied her—sent this old woman to me in order to recover his property.

Do you know this policeman? The chances are that you don't. He is both mayor and chief of police in a tiny town tucked away in a far south-west corner of Peru.

The other differences between police of the U. S. A. and those of Porto Rico were mere nothings compared to this! Imagine a New York cop having his stick taken from him and then sending an old woman to get it back! I tried to, but couldn't. And yet, when one came to think it over, there was another angle that should be considered.

What would have happened to a half-portion "spigotty" cop if he became haughty with forty of Uncle Sam's huskies, in time of war, in a land under military law? And how could he ask for his stick, save through that old woman, who was probably the only creature in the place who spoke English?

There was a good deal, after all, to be said on his side of the case. In fact, we found that the police of that island, like all other police, were very human. Take those of Ponce, for example.

THEY, like most of their compatriots, hated the Spaniards. Therefore, when our military bands gave evening concerts in the plaza, they would trickle through the audience, keeping a special lookout for members of the then enemy nation. They had observed the respect that we paid to *The Star-Spangled Banner* and saw to it that no Spaniard did

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This man was the entire police force, from chief down, in the little mud-and-cane town of Mapiri in the unsettled interior of Bolivia.

less. Because all our regiments had entered the city to the tune of *There'll Be a Hot Time In the Old Town Tonight,* they raised that rollicking song by brevet rank to a place among our national anthems; and any Spaniard who remained covered when it was played had his hat—and very possibly a portion of his head—removed for him by one of those brass-bound clubs.

Well—why not? We never interfered. It was done in a spirit of most praiseworthy loyalty by those little cops, and we liked them for it. They were small, it is true; very small, when judged by our standards. But then, I reflected, nearly all police are little chaps as soon as one leaves the United States and steams southward. To my mind there recurred the memory of one whom I met shortly afterwards, in the Isthmus, and who was perhaps the smallest of them all.

THIS was at Colon, in the old days—lawless but rather jolly old days—before Uncle Sam began work on the Canal. A cut on my forehead had bitten through the outer table of the skull, left a slight concussion behind and forced me to remain in bed for ages, as it seemed—only a few days in fact. Then, one evening, I woke from a nap to discover that the two sorely tried friends who had been attending me had stolen away for a short and well-earned respite from their labors. Clearly this was the best opportunity for making an ass of myself that could possibly occur. I embraced it promptly.

The floor, when I rolled out of bed, seemed to behave rather like the deck of a laboring ship, but nevertheless I managed somehow to dress and set forth to the gambling rooms. These rooms were licensed, were close at hand, were one of the two places where approximately clean diversion was to be found, and I knew that my friends would have gone to the other place.

I could hardly have done worse than to enter that room. Low-ceilinged, blue with tobacco smoke and with many kerosene lamps adding to the tropical heat, my dizziness became worse instantly; and despite strenuous efforts to pull myself together, I must have presented a neat though unwilling imitation of a long-legged young man with a broken head and a jag.

That, at all events, is what a very "hard-boiled" roulette croupier must have thought; for when the little ball whirred, hesitated and finally dropped into the compartment numbered "5" he calmly swept away the stake I had placed on that number and called for the next play. The resultant disturbance escaped—but only just escaped—becoming exceedingly serious.

When it was satisfactorily over, and with unwonted good sense I was about to leave, someone tugged at my sleeve. Looking down, I saw one of the tiniest creatures I ever had beheld out of a side-show, dressed in the local police uniform.

"You were quite in the right, sir," said he in perfect English, "and if there had been any occasion I would certainly have helped you."

A "spigotty" cop in regulation uniform, which is not impressive, perhaps, but serviceable enough in the hot climate of his native heath.

Now, that croupier and his mates, burly offscourings of the world's water-fronts, each were twice the speaker's size, and the same could be said of a score of roughnecks who had seen what had happened and were backing me; and every man there was "heeled" as a matter of course. At first blush "it was to laugh," but fortunately a second thought came in time to prevent. I was very glad of this, for I now noticed that the little chap's sword was in his fist, and I hadn't a doubt in the world that he would have used it if need had arisen, as long as he could stand; for I knew his breed. I had seen them at the siege of Panama, forty miles away.

Nothing since the world began could have been braver—nor much more foolish for the most part—than the fighting at that siege. It began to repass before my mind when I was brought back to my former train of thought.

A group of Japanese policemen. They look like military officers but they are just plain Nippon cops.

WITHIN the Mercer Street station somebody whistled and kept on whistling, not a tune, but just a series of monotonous, unmelodious toots. The sounds whisked my mind in an instant thousands of miles southward and westward, to Guayaquil, the principal port of Ecuador.

Here the police were subject to a regulation which, to a stranger, made them resemble cops in a comic opera—or a nightmare—rather than anything one

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would meet in real life. For they were furnished with whistles having tones that might be imagined to make a dead man stop his ears. After nightfall each man was supposed to—and did—sound a blast that lasted for a full breath. When his breath gave out, his mates on both flanks took up the same task, giving him time to refill his lungs and begin again. So it went, in a sort of hideous endless chain, throughout the city and throughout the night. The sentiments of strangers who desired to sleep can possibly be imagined but not described. Their language was quite unfit for publication.

This extraordinary proceeding was the outgrowth of the habits that certain upriver tribesmen had of floating silently down the Guayas River in big dugout canoes and then quietly eliminating a policeman or two by means of knife or machete. Thereupon they would fill their crafts with merchandise belonging to somebody else and vanish. So any failure by any policeman to sound a regular toot acted in Guayaquil as an alarm.

This, however, was something that we strangers did not know until later. The most plausible theory we could evolve was that the infernal noise was intended as a method of keeping the cops awake; but we were unanimous in the opinion that it was a very ineffective method. In fact, there were three of us who were in a position to testify positively as to that.

We were returning just after midnight, to our hotel when we encountered a minion of the law seated on the edge of a high plank sidewalk, leaning against the post of a wooden awning, fast asleep, yet sounding that whistle as unconsciously as he breathed. So dead to the world was he that when we took his cap and sword and hung them high out of his reach, he never missed a snore or a toot. I have often wondered what happened when he awoke.

"I found myself gazing directly into an awful face, a face belonging to a head that stood upright on its squarely severed neck."

THIS episode reminded me of another, wholly dissimilar, except that both had to do with a sitting policeman. It happened in Mapiri, a little mud-and-cane town from which an exploring expedition under my command was to hop off into the uncharted interior of Bolivia. In approaching the town a wild chorus of yells, howls, shrieks and bangs came to greet me long before the place could be seen. As I reached its outskirts something soft and warm and unpleasant, which caused my horse to snort and caper, flew over the churchyard wall and slapped my face. Wiping my cheek, and wondering what it all could mean, I rounded a corner—and saw.

An extraordinary sight it was! The day was one of their numerous national *fiestas;* and in addition to this a party of natives, returned with accumulated wages from a long river trip, had "bought the town." White rum, which is practically pure alcohol, was on limitless tap for all who wished; and the wish was practically unanimous; not one dissenting voice was raised.

This rum accounted for the yells. The bangs were owing to small sticks of dynamite which were used as a substitute for firecrackers. One of the Indians—the town was inhabited by Indians and half-breeds—had lighted a joy-stick and then, tangling his legs, had pitched forward. Forgetting the dynamite with its sizzling fuse, he decided to take a nap where he lay. It was a part of his "plumbing" that had slapped my face.

This, and many other things, would not have happened had the police force been functioning, but it—or rather he—was not. The would-be revellers had seen to that. This man was the entire police force from chief down. So, wishing to proceed with their festivities undisturbed, the populace "jumped" him from behind, overpowered him by force of numbers and bore him, fighting like a wildcat, to the contrivance that served them for a jail.

This was a pair of stocks—the only pair I ever saw in active use. Clad in a red-piped pair of uniform trousers, a fragmentary shirt and an air of intense disgust, there he was sitting when I appeared; his bare feet, appearing disproportionately large on account of their undue prominence, sticking out before him. So enraged was he at the supposedly "better element" of townsfolk for allowing him to be placed in such a position—and small blame to him!—that he resigned, by the simplest process of joining my expedition. And a very good man he proved to be.

Naturally the policemen of these countries, like all the other men, differ conspicuously in race, customs and environment from those whom we know best, but fundamentally they are as human as we. Give them a chance to preserve their self-respect, and it's a good bet that they will work hard with that end in view.

IN sharp contrast I remembered a little Japanese cop, the only representative of law that was visible on the broad water-front of Nagasaki. Alert, neat and vigilant, he stepped before me as I approached late one evening in early spring. He smiled, ducked his head, shook hands with himself, and sucked in his breath, all of which are marks of extreme politeness.

"The hon'ble name? Yess? Pleass?" he asked.

Vaguely wondering what law of Nippon I had broken, I told my name and added the information that I wished to reach the transport Sumner, then at anchor in the harbor. Whereupon he called a sampan, delivered what sounded like a severe lecture to the family—both sexes and all ages—that manned it, waved me in and strolled away about his business. The one other passenger, a water-tender returning from shore leave, gazed admiringly after him.

"He took our names because some o' these sampan

(*Continued on page* 45)

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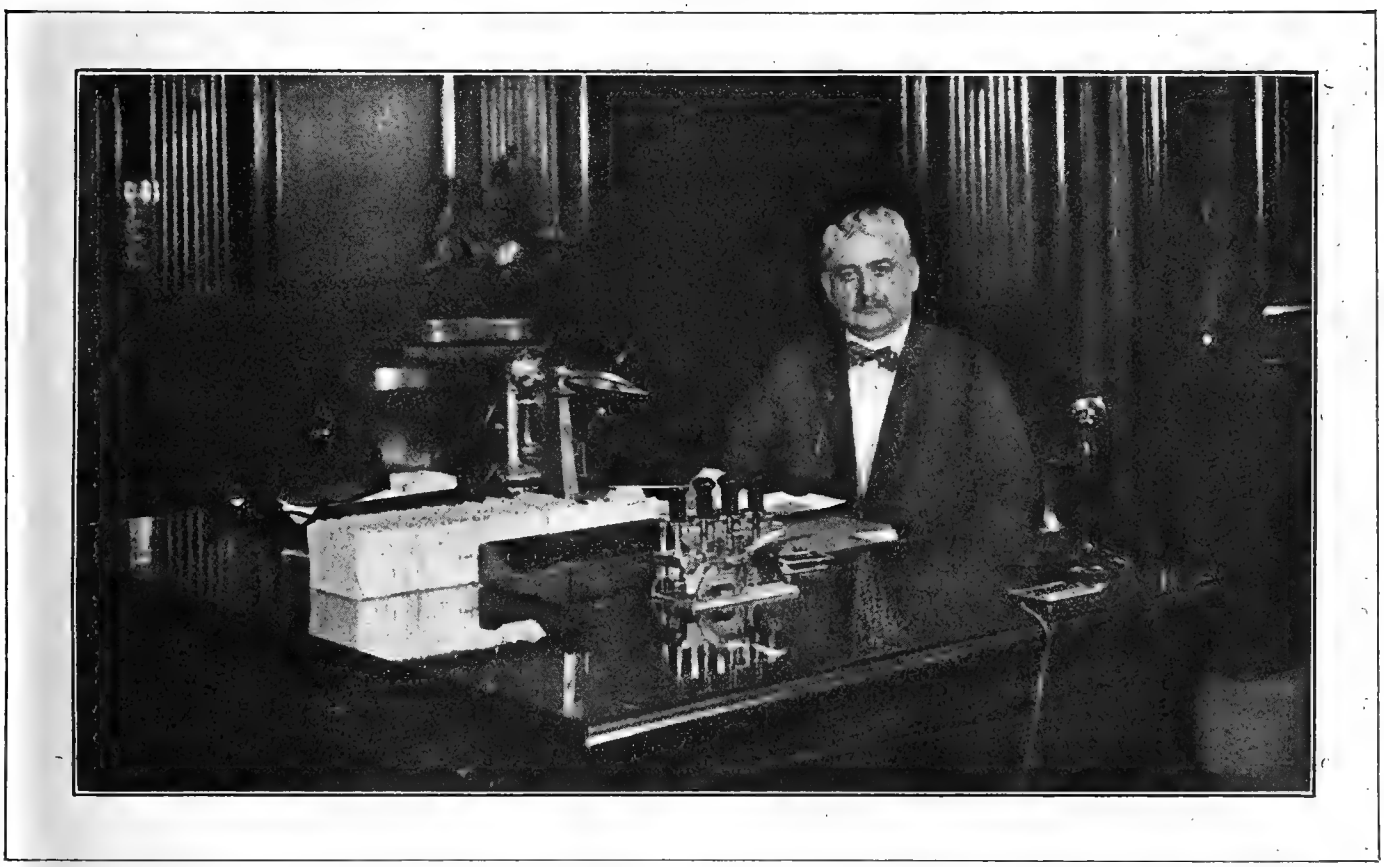

"The public should realize that the criminal is a common enemy of society—that every citizen should co-operate in the suppression of crime."

YOUR DUTY

As a Citizen Is to Aid the Policeman

An Interview with the Police Commissioner of New York City

RICHARD E. ENRIGHT

As Reported by ADA PATTERSON

"THE policeman is a shepherd dog. The criminal is the wolf. The shepherd dog's function is to guard and serve his master, the public. I visualize myself as a faithful shepherd dog doing my best to keep the wolves away. I am not expecting too much when I ask that our master, the public, give us all the aid it can to prevent crime.

"We need it when we have one man to take care of six hundred persons in a population in which thirty-nine percent, practically two-fifths, are foreign born and unused to our laws; as against London which has one policeman to three hundred in a population of which ninety-six per cent are homogeneous."

Richard E. Enright leaned back in his swinging chair before his huge flat-top desk that reminded me sharply of a tableland; an orderly tableland with shallow baskets of opened letters and clip-held reports, which he surveyed with the calm eye of close acquaintance. A man with well-cut features. One who especially approves regularity of features finds herself admiring the nearly straight lines of his nose. His mouth is one of decision which parts occasionally over small white teeth in a merry, half boyish, quickly-suppressed smile. The thick thatch of hair that has whitened since he took the chair of Police Commissioner of New York—it was black with a few graying hairs that looked like usurpers when I met him first in that chair—was not unlike the pale plume of the guardian dog. His eyes are gray and quiet, yet vigilant, not unlike those of one whose function it is to watch, ever to watch.

Yet there was power in the broad shoulders and deep-set form, power that leapt forward in decision, in command, in instant action, that suggested a more battlesome species than the figurative shepherd dog.

"The citizen can do a great deal to help the police to prevent crime," he said, swinging toward me on the swivel-chair and commanding my eyes with his own gray, concentrated gaze. "He can end the obstruction of the channels of justice. He can do this by creating a public sentiment and backing mighty public sentiment against abuses. We are too good-natured.

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A decision is reached as in the case of the young criminals in Chicago. A year or two passes. We say: 'Pardoned, are they? Yes, I remember something about the case. But I don't want to bother about it now. I am too busy. The police could not have prevented that crime. The public could have prevented it. A startling statement but a true one.'

"I think it was Chief Justice Taft who said, two years ago, that ten thousand persons are murdered in the United States every year. That is three times as many as were killed in the Spanish American War. Murderers take no one into their confidence. They plan their deeds secretively. They perform them with as much quiet as they can. Or they slay suddenly, with out warning, in heat of anger, without preparation. Then sickly sentimentality is invoked for them. Much is said by the sob sisters, the male and female kind, about the wrongs of the poor murderer. High-priced scientists are employed to say that maybe this or that slight condition might have existed and predisposed to murder. And the criminal gets off with a life sentence which, in due, or undue time, becomes freedom.

"Then the coddling of criminals begins. They have every comfort that a girl at a young ladies seminary might have, their squash courts, their jellies, their libraries. The best companies in the best plays go to them from Broadway to give special performances.

"Justice Talley said that a man who commits a crime has forty to one chances to escape punishment. A clergyman of high standing gave an address, a very fine one, to the prisoners at a penitentiary and said to them 'The only difference between you and me is that you were caught.' That is very dangerous propaganda. I believe that ninety percent of the citizens of this country are leading decent, honest lives. But we don't encourage them greatly in it. The prisoner hears so often that he is not to blame for his crime, but society is, that he believes it. That is not true. Many offenders against the law are congenital criminals. There is no way of preventing that.

"But it is possible to stop the foolish flood of too great and often totally undeserved sympathy for the criminal. It is possible to stop the utterance of crime-encouraging sentiments. And it is possible to demand heavier sentences for guilt and, by securing them, to put fear of punishment into the hearts of offenders. The man who believes that he will be punished for a crime will not be likely to commit it. If he thinks his chances are, as Justice Talley says, forty to one that he will escape punishment he will risk it.

"The citizens can prevent most crime by taking the schools, the department of justice, the police department, out of politics. The federal government has found that it works better to appoint the representatives of justice.

"They do things better in England. There politics never interferes with the administration of justice. A criminal may not commit his deeds with a high percentage of immunity. Justice is sure and swift. There they try a man and execute him,—if he is found guilty—three months after the crime is committed. Here it is usual for two years or more to pass between the commission of the crime and the payment, if any, of the penalty.

"In England wealth does not have any weight in the matter. Here it seems to have a great deal. Certainly we cannot deny the oft quoted 'He is wealthy. He will get off' in view of the end of the Thaw case and that of Loeb and Leopold. Politics! The politics of wealth! The average citizen can remove these from the consideration of crime if he will join with the other average citizens."

Commissioner Enright leaned farther back in his chair. But he did not lounge. He made the finger tips of one hand meet to a nicety the corresponding finger tips of the other.

"Let us analyze a bit," he said. "There are four cardinal crimes that the police handle. I have spoken of murder. The police can do nothing to prevent that save to protect in great measure a person who has received a threat of death. He cannot prevent it. The public can, as I have said, by demanding sure and swift justice in one case, so deterring criminals from the committing of another. Three other cardinal crimes are larceny, burglary and robbery; triplets of the same parent, greed. Larceny is the commonest of crimes. I commit larceny if I pick up your hand bag containing less than fifty-five dollars. I commit burglary if I jimmy my way through a door or a window into your home and steal the bag. I commit robbery if I take your valuables without any violent entrance into your home. The citizen can prevent larceny by being careful about small possessions.

"Women should carry no more money than is necessary for the immediate expedition. If they are going to a matinee, enough money to pay for their tickets. If they are going shopping they should arrange to pay for their purchases by check. They will be wiser if they do not count their money in a street car or take out their bag of jewelry and count its contents. For there are women who take their jewels from their homes and carry them down town with them for safety. It is imprudent to assume that there are no crooks in the same street car with yourself.

"I advise every woman who has valuable jewels to keep them in a safe deposit box until she needs them for an important occasion. For less important occassions paste imitations will do."

The white-haired man in the swivel chair seemed to gather his powers for a leap. It was a leap to the goal of his argument.

"Crime is a disease, with all the dangers of a pestilence, and with this disease as with all other diseases, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. The public generally expects that the Police Department, and particularly the members of the Detective Division, can prevent crime, and when a crime is committed the police are expected to immediately apprehend the culprit, recover and restore the stolen property to its rightful owner.

"The Police Department and the members of the Detective Division would be much more successful in the prevention of crime and the detection and arrest of the criminals if they were able to obtain prompt support and efficient co-operation from the public which they serve.

"The detectives of the New York Police Force are not magicians or clairvoyants. They are practical men, and many of them are specialists in their line. If the public refuse to give them the fullest information and co-operation, their success in each case may be measured in the same manner as that of a lawyer or doctor, by the truthfulness or co-operation of their

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clients. There is an old axiom that no one should attempt to fool his doctor or lawyer. This injunction might be applied with much greater force in respect to the detective or police officer who is trying to serve people or help them out of their troubles.

"In the vendetta type of murder, with which we are more or less familiar in this city, we find it almost impossible to obtain any co-operation from the immediate family of the person killed or injured, for the reason that they prefer to settle the matter in accordance with their own radical code, in their own way and in their own time. If the persons most vitally interested would assist the police in the solution of these particular crimes the department would achieve a greater degree of success.

"Many persons have information which would be of the utmost value to the police and which they might disclose through the medium of anonymous letters directed to the Police Commissioner. Such information is always carefully investigated and persons who are in the possession of such information and who fail to disclose it to the police are assisting, perhaps unintentionally, in the escape of dangerous criminals and the promotion of crime.

"When serious crimes are committed, bystanders, or witnesses to the act may be of great assistance to the police, if they would really observe and note what is transpiring, such as the number of an automobile or the description of a car which is connected with a crime. Bystanders should notice as closely as possible the appearance of persons whom they observe committing a crime and carefully note the manner in which a crime is committed and, upon the arrival of the police, they should come forward and promptly furnish such information. Witnesses to serious crimes, because of indifference or failure to observe what is taking place, are seldom able to help the police. On the occasion of the Wall Street explosion, in all probability at least five hundred persons actually saw the event. No two of them seem to agree as to what actually occurred. They differ as to how the explosion took place, as to the noise of the explosion, whether it was a sharp report or a rumbling report, which would seem to indicate that there was more than one explosion. They differ as to the color of the smoke; in fact, as to practically all of the details which might have been of great assistance to the police if the facts could have been promptly and correctly obtained.

"How many persons there are who really have knowledge which would be of value to the police regarding the commission of some crime! The crime of burglary or murder may be committed on a certain block at a late hour of the night. Persons passing along this street may have noticed an automobile or perhaps one or two suspicious individuals in that vicinity when the crime was perpetrated. If they would give more than a passing glance, they might be able, when a crime is reported, to furnish valuable information and, as good citizens, they should immediately report such circumstances to the police when they are informed that a crime has actually been committed in that locality. Just why so many people who can be of assistance should, through neglect, indifference or fear of some kind, fail to come forward and assist our public authorities in the solution of these crimes it is difficult to understand, but I want to assure the public that all such information will be treated as confidential and whoever may assist us by giving such information will be treated with the utmost courtesy.

Commissioner Enright in the uniform of a Colonel of cavalry. "Crime," says the Commissioner, "is a disease, with all the dangers of a pestilence, and with this disease, as with all other diseases, an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"The public should realize that the criminal is a common enemy of society; that every citizen should cooperate in the suppression of crime and the punishment of criminals. The police are only public servants in these matters and the public will be better served if the police receive the support and encouragement to which they are entitled by their employers—the people. If a mad dog is abroad in the street everybody on the block will join in the chase and attempt to prevent him from doing injury to anyone. The habitual criminal is as dangerous as a mad dog but instead of pursuing him or helping the police to pursue him, everybody stands aside and lets the police department do it without any aid or suggestion. Only criticism."

Then the Commissioner hurled the following truths and warnings at me in nugget sentences. Hard little sentences heavy with reproach.

"Don't leave your house or apartment until you are sure that every door and window is securely fastened.

"When you leave home don't advertise the fact by pulling down the window shades or by leaving a note in the letter box saying that you will be back at such and such a time or requesting that goods be delivered to the janitor. Sneak thieves profit by such advice.

"Don't leave your key over the door or under the mat.

"Dont fail to bolt your dumbwaiter door.

"Don't rely on ordinary locks to secure your apartment.

"Don't leave home without first notifying your neighbor of your absence.

"Don't leave your key with the janitor or hall boys.

"Don't leave your house upon receipt of a message that you are wanted on the telephone at adjacent premises, unless the person delivering the message is known to you.

"Don't fail to notify the janitor or caretaker, at once, if you see a suspicious person in the halls of your apartment house.

"Don't fail to notify the station-house when you

(*Continued on page* 48)

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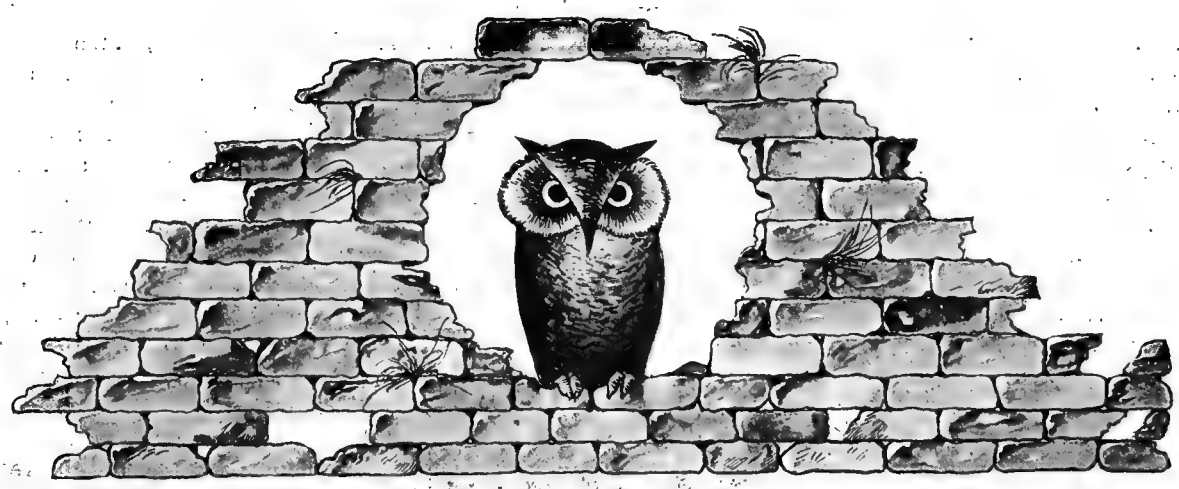

Love, Money and a Crook

This is the Sequel to the Story of "The Woman of the Evil Eye" and the Further Scheming of the Notorious Fortune-Telling Faker "Omna"

By MRS. ISABELLA GOODWIN SEAHOLM
First Grade Detective, New York Police Department.

MEN say that the gaunt Andalusian bulls of the Spanish bull-fights see red when the Toreador's crimson cloak is flaunted before their eyes. And I suppose every person has his individual red cloak, the sight of which goads him to fury, even as the bull-fighters' jauntily waved cloth pricks the Spanish long-horn into furious chargings.

I know I have such a red cloak—and here it is, just as it was flaunted before my eyes by Omna, at the very time that I was thinking of again taking up his elusive trail. As it appeared in a famous Sunday paper my red cloak was this advertisement:

Your Every Question Answered—Love? Marriage? Success? Money? Luck?

LEARN THE TRUTH

OMNA, THE ALL-SEEING

Greatest of Mediums, Possessor of the Key to all the Mysteries of the Occult puts at your Service the Wisdom of Both Worlds —the Earthly and the Supernatural.

He Gives you Success in Love, in Business, in all your Undertakings. The Secrets of the Universe are His.

At sight Omna will tell you your Name, Business and Address, and Name the Person you will Marry.

Do you need advice about Business—About your Prospects—About your Love Affairs?

If So, Omna Will tell you what to do in every emergency — what will be profitable for you—How you can gain success in business and in love.

Omna tells you how to win the man or woman you love. He is the Possessor of the Great Secret of Success in Love and will tell you how to fascinate members of the Opposite Sex and bring them to your feet. Do not be disappointed in love, but—

CONSULT OMNA TODAY.

Open Sundays and Evenings.

My red cloak! Such vain-glorious advertisements publicly proclaiming that the soothsaying fakers could and would gull the public—or at least the credulous part of it—were the very things to stir me to action against them. Was it not my job to suppress these jugglers with men's souls, these vultures feeding on women's pocketbooks. And here they were, throwing it in my face that they dared do anything—that they snapped their fingers at me. Do you wonder that I, too, saw red?

At sight of that advertisement with its rigmarole of stock soothsayers' promises, I resolved to resume at once my much interrupted pursuit of Omna, the All-Seeing, acknowledged King of the Fortune-Telling Fakers. Not again should he so publicly challenge my abilities!

There was double venom in my resolution because twice I had been set back in my effort to arrest this astral arch-priest. I meant now to clinch a case against him that would break up his variety store of the occult for good and all. As I told in "The Romance of the Crystal Ball," two months ago, I had first been balked by the weakness with which silly, romantic Mrs. Kenton had forgiven the man who had despoiled her of $80,000. Following that, the lamentable affair of Helen Ludek whose brain had given way under the spell of the Evil Eye, had intervened to hold my attention for a long period. I told the story of that tragedy last month.

Now, as if encouraged by his temporary immunity from pursuit, Omna was renewing his old, bold, brazen advertising for "suckers." Ordinarily the reply to such a challenge would be to go to the soothsayer's, obtain a "reading" or a seance, and make an arrest. But Omna's case was not ordinary. In the first place he stood head and shoulders above all the other gentry of the trick crystal ball and the made-to-order seance. To convict him and break up his nest of frauds would be to send a host of lesser fakers scuttling to cover.

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And this last was a highly desirable result that I longed greatly to achieve. So long as Omna boldly advertised, these small fry would also practise the black art of pilfering the public purse.

Secondly, the death-threat that old Chryso, Omna's assistant, had flung in my teeth had told me that I was now too well known at Omna's office to trick them into giving me evidence enough for an arrest. Also I knew from the Malluk affair that all of Omna's people were sharply on guard against any detectives I might send in my stead.

Against Omna and his following I must use wit and guile. To that end I began by reconnoitering the marble hallways of the big office building in which the arch-faker had his handsome, Orientally-decorated offices. There, after a day or so, I discovered that a fine-looking woman of unmistakable aristocratic appearance went to and from Omna's headquarters regularly; I was looking for a client-victim, one of Omna's dupes who would act as complainant against him. I wondered if, perchance, this woman of the erect carriage and flashing eye were one of those who had bitten at his bait. It hardly seemed likely, yet—

Then by chance I saw and heard the greeting that passed between her and one of Omna's men in the entrance hall.

"Good morning, Countess," was the unmistakable salutation. Then followed: "Omna is looking for you—he wants you to see some of the customers."

A Countess! Here was something unusual in the soothsaying game. Apparently she was one of Omna's crew. And yet she seemed too clean, too finely made, for such a game. The thing puzzled me and I resolved to ascertain what it all meant. Therefore, when evening came and the Countess walked home to a fashionable hotel in the near-by district there strode close behind her a woman who seemed to be doing anything else except watching the Countess. Nevertheless she was at the Countess's elbow when that rather aristocratic personage took a key at the desk and started for an upstairs room. The number was 607.

Omna stood head and shoulders above all the other gentry of the trick crystal ball and the made-to-order seance.

HERE entered delay. I was not dressed to consort with countesses, so I must needs hurry home and obtain fashionable raiment. After outfitting myself rather expensively at an uptown store, I went to my house in Brooklyn and picked up the best of my old belongings to keep company with the new.

Then I returned to the hotel, put down my flowing signature and asked for a room on the sixth floor. Being offered No. 645, I rejected it as not being as pleasant as rooms at the other end of the floor. Secretly smiling at my queer ideas, the clerk humored me. By looking over his lists, he managed to give me No. 610. The signature of the new patron had stirred the clerk's interest, for the name spread on his record was "Mrs. Field, Chicago."

"Don't you wish a suite, Mrs. Field?" was the first evidence of the impress my slight inaccuracy of signature had made.

"Not today, thanks. I'm here in rather a quiet way to learn something from the Swami Buyandi. But I shall be buying quite a lot of things while I am here and so I may need another room for a maid and the things after a day or two. Where does the Swami have his headquarters? I am anxious to have a reading from him." The clerk knew only that the Swami's place was near Carnegie Hall, so I asked him to get the address for me and to send it up. This he did shortly afterward and the floor-girl, bringing me the neatly typed "Swami Buyandi, No.—— West Fifty-sixth Street," was duly impressed when I asked how far it was to the Swami's and told her to have a private limousine called the next morning to drive me the half-mile across town.

Then, and with a sudden gesture of dismay, I recalled that I had an appointment first with Doctor Han-Yet-Low, famous Chinese astrologer. I cancelled the order for the car and told the girl to let me know promptly when the Chinese philosopher should appear downstairs the next day. When these preparatory matters—all of which were planned with a view to their reaching the Countess's ear—were completed, I seated myself by my door, keeping it ajar. There I listened. What I wished to hear was the click of the door-latch across the hall at No. 607.

In this I met failure. The delay in getting my clothes had made me too late to catch the Countess that evening. Twenty-four hours passed before I saw my lady issue from her room. When she went downstairs to the lobby before dinner the next evening, I rode in the elevator with her. Very naturally we took seats not far apart in the great women's lobby.

The next happening that was apparent to her was the appearance of a suave, smiling, aged Chinaman, with whom I became engaged in close conversation. What the Countess—for such was really her rank—did not know was that I had given a peculiar signal as soon as I had seated myself near her.

The Countess Feszy, I was soon to learn, was paid to observe on Omna's behalf. It was the thorough, if not the artistic work she did in this line that convinced me that she was an associate, not a client of Omna's. The way in which she moved close to the Chinaman and myself and leaned over in the effort to hear what was being said was rather obvious. But I forgave her

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crudity in view of her inexperience and the way in which she took my bait.

When I bade the Chinese Doctor good-bye, the Countess earned her money. She clearly heard me say: "Thank you, doctor, for coming so promptly. I am much perplexed about what to do about these investments and I am sure that your reading will be valuable. You will come day after tomorrow then?" It was just as well she did not hear the other things I said in low voice. I am sure they would not have contributed to her peace of mind.

With the slant-eyed "Doctor" gone—you will of course have guessed that he had been sent from Headquarters—I turned to reading the magazines that lay about, giving just enough attention to my surroundings to note that the Countess had hurried out to the office. I had, on the doctor's departure, seated myself within view of the clerk's desk. So, by a mere sideglance, I could see the Countess conversing with the room-clerk and nodding energetically in my direction.

Without exercising any second-sight or even telepathy I felt that I could practically overhear the conversation at the desk.

"Who is that lady?"

"That one by the table? That's the rich Mrs. Field from Chicago. She's on here to see the Swami Buyandi and get a reading from him."

THE Countess was never a waster of time, as I was to learn. Besides that the word about Swami Buyandi served as a sharp spur. Not ten minutes had passed before she had engaged me in casual conversation. She was as secretly anxious to make friends with me as I was secretly anxious to make friends with her. The result naturally was an acquaintance that ripened rapidly. We dined together and she asked me to go to a theatre with her, that being the easiest way in which to keep me in view all evening and at the same time ingratiate herself with me.

By the time we returned for a light supper—at which I entertained her with some especially expensive choices from Chef Charles Louis' menu—we were thick in friendship—were beginning to tell each other interesting bits out of our life experiences. I started this exchange of confidences but it was the Countess who was frankest.

"I had meant to go on to Chicago this month," she said. "Some of my people in Lake Forest want me to go up to Mackinac with them for the summer but I have to stay here to cash in on some investments that are coming through big. I've hit it rich right here within the last month. It's wonderful! Why if I were to tell you—"

She was an artist all right. I'll give her credit for that. She always stopped on a note that stirred one to fresh inquiry. So I made her happy—

"Tell me, please—it's about investments that I came on here." Neither then nor at any time in that conversation did I mention the Swami or the Chinese Doctor.

Her story was highly interesting, aside from the dramatic way in which she told it. It began back at the time of her marriage—

"Of course, when I married the Count, I knew he hadn't any money, but I had what seemed to be enough. Besides he was just going into the steel business in Hungary. He was going to introduce the American trust plan there. * * * "Fancy! I was to have been the Steel Queen of Hungary. At least the Count when I married him, expected to become the Steel King. He told me so. I was younger then than I am now—and I had faith.

"Faith—that's a beautiful thing! A bride should have it—especially when all her folks oppose her marriage. I knew the Count had only a little money—he told me so frankly. Only a little money though meant to me at that time something like fifteen thousand a year. That seemed a small amount to me. I had no idea that 'little' meant to him an income of seven hundred a year. And with castles that cost four thousand a year just to keep them in repair.

"Omna gives you success in love, in business, in all your undertakings."

"So whose money do you think was to make us the Steel King and Queen of Hungary! You'll guess, of course. It was my money that was to build the Hungarian steel trust. Nevertheless as a whole, the thing was impossible—and my father's Baltimore breweries in their best days could not have made enough money for it.

"Still it wasn't just the steel business that was the trouble—" she went on reminiscently, "a trust isn't such an expensive institution in Hungary."

She caught the inquiry in my eyes.

"Naturally you ask what it was then that was impossible. It was the aristocratic bills—the bills of a man who never knew where money came from—nor cared. No one here in America can imagine how a European nobleman can broadcast money—when he has it. My father's breweries were the talk of Baltimore when he was alive but in their best days they could not have supported two counts. And there were six of us children, you know, to divide the estate—that was in a time when breweries were worth something, too. My share, however, just went for the Count's bills.

"Oh, I purchased some of the

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highest jinks that Europe ever saw. A Pittsburgh steel man splurging the best he knew how on Broadway would be a kindergartener compared to my Count."

"And he ran through your fortune?"

"Only one thing saved me—see these?"

She pointed to her widow's weeds. In the latest Fifth Avenue style but unmistakably habiliments of mourning just the same.

"So now you have found a way to recoup?"

"Recoup!"—she laughed mirthlessly. "I can never recoup. Six years wastage! Not only the interest but three-fourths of the principal. The largest part of a big brewery—that's what he spent in six years. The plant covered two acres in Baltimore while in Hungary it covered all of the gay spots. But you are tired of my memoirs."

"No, it's extremely interesting. Especially your re-gaining your money. My investments have not done so well. My advisers are—"

I was not to finish. She took the trail keenly at this apparently clumsy hint.

"Don't be a burnt child and learn to dread the fire. Find something that's really profitable. I hope you have as good luck as I've had."

"Your luck! What chance have I in comparison! You are perfectly marvelous," said I, "coming back here after a long absence like that and still managing to find big investments. How do you do it?"

I think that had I been on the vaudeville stage I would have been known as a first-class "feeder." At all events my remark made the Countess smile pleasantly. Had I not given her exactly the cue she wished?

"I'll tell you how I've done it—if you'll just wait until tomorrow. I can't tell you tonight—I have an engagement anyhow—but probably I can give you some aid tomorrow evening." And with a "You'll excuse me, won't you?" she was gone.

With her vanished my hope of catching Omna the next day. We breakfasted together the following morning, the Countess and I, and in the evening we met again at dinner. I allowed much casual after-dinner chat to pass before I blew on the embers of last night's fire.

"Remember, Countess, you promised to tell me how you have retrieved your lost fortune. Tell me how you did it?"

"Oh, I didn't do it," she said. "It was—well, I had advance information. It's a gold mine."

"A gold mine! Isn't that rather risky?"

"Not when you know what's going to happen. You see I know about the Mother Lode they're coming into."

"You mean they're digging into a big lot of gold?"

"Yes, that's it. It's bound to produce a fortune for all of us. Everyone who gets in on it."

"Everyone who—can anyone else get in on this?" I shot far forward in my chair in my eagerness.

"I don't know. I took all I could get. It was hard. They don't want to sell, but as I knew just what was going to happen at the mine I just naturally bid up the shares to the sky. That's the way to get them."

"Bid them up—that's how you worked it?"

"Yes, I paid twice what they had been just a little while before. But it paid, I tell you."

"Paid?"

"Oh, yes, of course. How could it help it—with my advance information?"

"Oh, yes, the advance information. But how could you know? The Mother Lode and all that?"

"My adviser, he knows. A wonderful man! There's nothing hidden from him!"

"Your adviser? It was his advice—a tip?"

"Oh, more than a 'tip.' He knows—he has direct information. They're beginning to uncover the Mother Lode now—and rich dividends are coming. Ah! those dividends!—those magnificent dividends!"

"They are big, eh?"

"Five per cent. a month soon. That's something to think about, eh?" Things were getting warmer.

"Still I don't understand—how could he know about the Mother Lode!"

"His controls—they know. Who would know better?"

"Controls? What kind of controls?" We were getting near our joint — though unacknowledged — goal.

"The spirits." She turned about as if to see if anyone were listening. Then in a whisper—"Spirits — they're his controls. Who else could pierce the earth and know of the gold?"

"Spirits—they tell him of the gold?"

"Certainly—who else?"

Well, the upshot of it was that I showed an interest in getting in on this "good thing." Naturally I asked the question she had been fishing for—

"Who is he?" said I, asking about this wonderful adviser.

"Who? Why Omna, of course," was the answer.

"Is he a great man here?" was my question.

She told me wonderful things about him and then she said something that puzzled me. Waxing confidential she leaned over and whispered: "I'll tell you a secret. I've never told another soul—not this. Do you know why I am so enthusiastic about Omna—well, it's this. He's my first real romance"—and a light any man might have been delighted to see shone in her eyes. Knowing what I did, my heart went out to her.

"But the Count?" was my stumbling inquiry.

"Oh, he only dazzled me. But Omna, he is magnificent. We became interested in each other when he was obtaining the knowledge about the Mother Lode—and now I have both money and love again. You must admit I'm fortunate."

Was this some trick romance created on the spot to whet my interest—for what woman could resist the romantic appeal of this story. Or was it real—and this a confidence that was genuine in its facts but false in its purpose?

Was she actually revealing a heart secret in order to

(*Continued on page* 50)

UNTIL Police Commissioner Enright drove them from under cover and clear out of town, New York City was a hot-bed of crime perpetrated by hundreds of self-styled "occultists," "astrologers," "crystal-gazers" and "clairvoyants." Today New York knows them not. How one of these criminal fortune-telling faker cases was handled is here told for the first time.

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The Prisoner Who Came Back

By PERRY MAX

(See Frontispiece Illustration)

ALL the prisoners at Nogent le Rotrou, France, had access to the kitchen, where they could help themselves to any one of three butcher knives for purposes of offense should it ever happen that they wished to escape from their pleasant quarters. There were only two warders, and on Sundays, as one had a day off, there was only one. When it came to the matter of getting through the prison gates there was only a piece of wire to untwist, and the watchdog, Alphonse, to avoid. And the truth about Alphonse was that, while he barked at the prison inspectors and magistrates, he knew all the prisoners so well that he was on the friendliest terms with them.

For years it had happened that no prisoner had ever wanted to escape from so pleasant a home. Then Hippolyte Joseph Royer was convicted of some small crime and sent to Nogent le Rotrou. It irked Hippolyte. He was a hustling salesman and he didn't like the luxurious idleness of this particular prison.

Now, Hippolyte was not exactly a fool; he saw that it was absurdly easy to escape, but he could not understand why all the rest of the score of prisoners did not escape, too. He asked them to join him, but they shook their heads.

Then Hippolyte annexed one of the kitchen knives and waited till the next Sunday, when one of the warders should have his turn to go walking with his best girl. It was his intention just to brandish the knife at the other warder, and perhaps practice a kind of Jack Dempsey punch if he proved obstinate.

But unfortunately the warder, conscious of his dignity as the sole custodian of the jail, resented the idea that one of his charges should try to escape. There was a struggle, and the kitchen knife slipped into the warder with such effect that he might have been seriously hurt had not two of the other prisoners came to his rescue and pulled off Hippolyte in the midst of his unsportsmanlike work. While they attended to the warder, Hippolyte took to his heels. He knew that the prison would not be so agreeable a place after he had been so unfriendly to the warder so he quietly untwisted the piece of wire that held the prison door and walked out into the sunshine.

Night fell. Hippolyte was far from home, and he had no money. Regretfully he thought of the prison, and that helped to remind him of something. What a fool he had been to depart without helping himself to some of the prison funds, which he knew were kept in a drawer of the kitchen table! No soooner thought than done. Hippolyte started back toward his prison. The warder who had been having a day off was sleeping peacefully, and Alphonse was glad to welcome back his old friend Hippolyte. So he once more untwisted the wire that held the door and from the kitchen drawer withdrew more than fifteen hundred francs. With this loot Hippolyte bought himself some good clothes and made his way to Monte Carlo. He had always cherished an ambition to "break the bank" at the world's most famous gambling institution. He "sat in" with the nondescript crowd of patrons at one of the long *rouge et noir* tables. His luck began to run high at once. He became the envied center of interest. His winnings piled up in front of him like a miniature mountain. The croupiers' arms grew weary as they continued, almost unceasingly, to push in Hippolyte's direction the winnings of that favored gentleman from Nogent le Rotrou prison.

Then his good fortune deserted him, deserted him suddenly, appalingly. In an hour he was stone broke. He found himself quite alone at the table where only a few minutes before he had been an awesome idol. He shrugged his Gallic shoulders and quietly went forth into the desolate dark.

Unfortunately for his career, he was recognized and arrested at Monoco next day and later had to stand trial for breaking jail and an attempt to murder his warder. The trial took place at Echartres, near Nogent le Routrou, where this remarkable prison is, and judgment was rendered by a jury worthy of the place. Five questions were put to the jury, and the first three were answered satisfactorily. Then in a solemn voice the Judge submitted the fourth question for pronouncement: "Is Hippolyte Royer guilty of having attempted murder?"

"No," was the jury's unanimous reply.

The Judge looked at the jurors and frowned, but he did not stop. He had another question ready.

"Was that attempt to murder premeditated?" he demanded.

"Yes," declared the jury as solemnly; and they are still wondering at Nogent le Rotrou why several members of the court, and the prisoner as well, laughed loud and long, and why the case of Hippolyte Royer is cited with hilarity wherever French gendarmes gather for a smoke and a chat while off duty.

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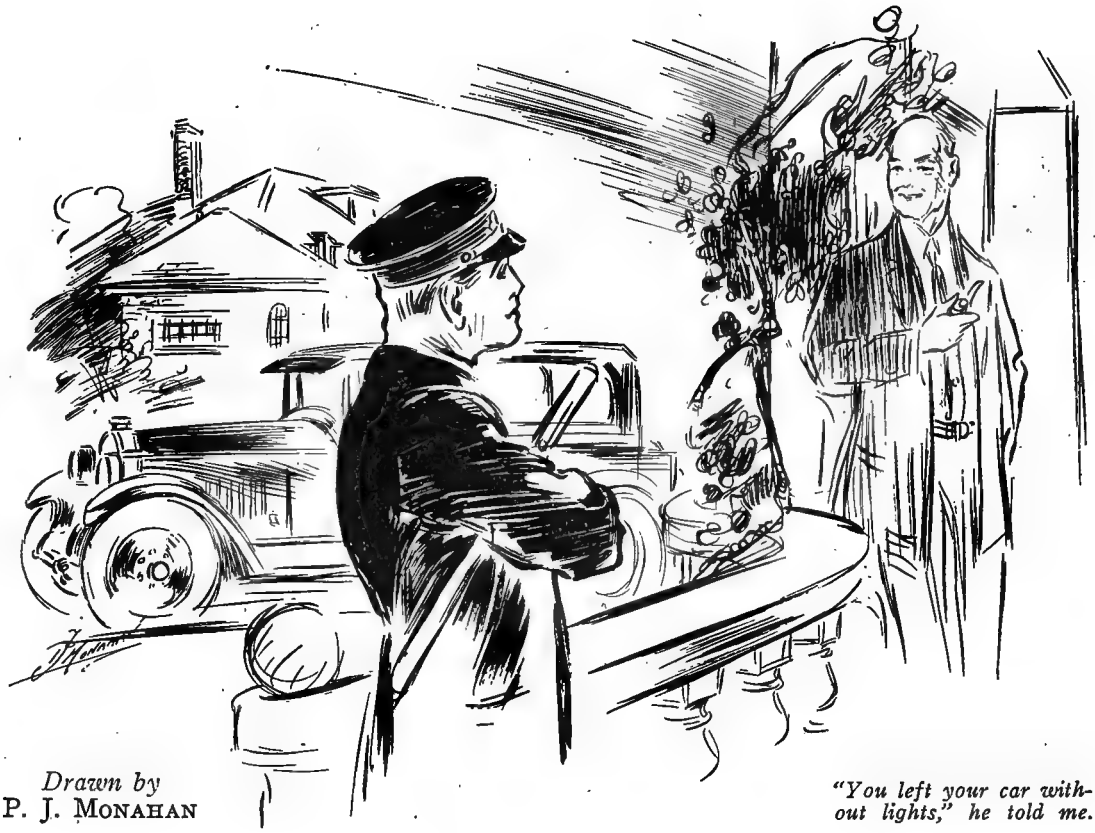

Drawn by
P. J. MONAHAN

"You left your car without lights," he told me.

Something to Think About

By JOHN AMID

I HAD just come into the front hall the other evening when the doorbell rang. When I opened the door, there was a policeman.

"You left your car without lights," he told me. "If you want I'll snap them on for you."

I thanked him without any enthusiasm whatever. "You're certainly right on the job," I said with at least a touch of irritation. "It isn't even really dark yet."

"It's dark enough to be dangerous," he answered, "and besides, it's the law." He waited a moment, then gave me the other barrel. "I turned 'em on later than this, last night. I didn't want to bother you."

Well, I thanked him again, more perfunctorily still. Theoretically, of course, I appreciated his going to the trouble of looking out for my shortcomings. But actually, I was peeved.

I resented having anybody call me down, no matter how politely it was done. Particularly if he was in a uniform, that suggested, even though he didn't say anything about it, that if I didn't do better he would make trouble for me about it.

Still he hesitated, as though there were something else on his mind. "You don't recognize me," he said at last, a little diffidently. "I'm Tom's father."

Tom's father! That changed things! Instead of being simply some man in brass buttons, a little slighter in build than some others, he suddenly became somebody that meant something to me—that meant quite a lot.

My son Robert is in the eighth grade. Tom's one of his classmates. About the same age, but a little huskier. Out in the suburb where we live there's quite a strip of lawn beside the house, and it's in great demand. I get home in time to go out and mix with the kids as often as I can. "Three Old Cat," or whatever it happens to be. So I know Tom well. He's all boy. A fine, upstanding little chap, with eyes that look into yours as straight as a die, and a dog pal that loves every crook of his little finger. He is a better ball-player than my Bob is. Quite a good deal better batter. His co-ordination between mind and eye and hand is splendid. On the other hand, when it comes to radio, or anything to do with electricity, Bob has the better of it.

Tom's father! We shook hands.

Suddenly it came over me that what this man said was true—every word of it. He had not wanted to bother me. There aren't many men who manage to play around with the youngsters in our neck of the woods, even for a few minutes a day, and Tom's father knew me as well as I knew him—through Tom. He was my friend. He didn't want to bother me; he wanted to do me a favor.

He was only doing, in a very nice way at that, *what I myself had asked him to do!* Indirectly, to be sure—but still, helping me to look out for my business for me. My business of preserving law and order, of keeping the streets safe for me, and my wife, and for everybody else, to drive on; my business as a responsible citizen of running the government.

It's true I don't happen to be president, or senator, or hold any government position myself. But I help elect the men who do run the government, state and city and country. It's as though I had more business than I could attend to myself, and started off, or helped start off, a corporation to attend to some part of it, remaining simply one of the "Silent Partners." What a fool I'd be to interfere with, or resent, the work of that corporation that was looking out for my own business!

Tom's father is my partner.

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THE HEAD-HUNTING BLACKMAILERS OF COREA

This is the true story of a strange and perplexing problem that faced the Commissioner of Police in Seoul who commands the 20,000 men that patrol the Corean Kingdom

Told by A JAPANESE OFFICIAL *in Seoul*

WHERE the thickly-settled suburbs of Seoul, capital of the one-time kingdom of Chosen, or Corea as we know it, melt into the bean and grain fields of the farming lands round about, there stands in rather solitary grandeur a house of a modern Chinese type that towers up above the white-walled thatch-roofed peasants' cottages of the neighborhood, much as a mediaeval castle stands out above the huts of a French or Spanish village.

In it at the time concerning which this is written dwelt one Chun-Po, a grower of beans, a lender of moneys on crops and a usurer who never failed to squeeze the last possible bit of copper cash out of the under-trodden Corean peasants.

Let us go back a little to the days before the Japanese occupation; days that the insurgent Coreans of today seek to re-establish; days of feudal war lords who held power over their poor underlings even as the barons and counts and princes of Europe held within their hands the gifts of life and death for tenantry and followers.

Such days are two centuries past in France, Germany, England, but in Corea they lasted until just seventeen years ago. The end of this system came when a great bearded giant of a Russian and a small but acute-minded Japanese met in the American city of Portsmouth, N. H., and there signed a treaty that gave Corea over to the "Yankees of the East."

IN those days of the war lords Mr. Chun-Po was a man of very modest mien. His house was poor; his apparel was ragged; his wife and his daughters and his sons walked in poverty. He seemed a mere nothing under the foot of his war lord, the great Feng-Sha. As second assistant steward to this mighty warrior Chun-Po did none of the fighting that kept Feng-Sha supreme in the district north of Seoul. This killing and maiming he left to other men less gifted than himself, while he watched them carefully, and from time to time grasped at some of the riches that fell from the relaxing hands of dying men.

Chun-Po battened on the misfortunes of others, and in the sixteen years that he served Feng-Sha his greedy fat hands put into hiding a vast amount of riches of one sort or another. Each year his barns held more beans than did those of any of his neighbors. Each year his fields held more cattle—but never could it be said that all of the cattle were of his own breeding.

The gleeful peddler passed and repassed the house of the rich Chun-Po throughout the illness of his second cousin and seemed to the eyes of Chun-Po a messenger of evil omen.

Chun-Po was crafty, but he was also wise, which is a far greater thing. He knew what every man knew in those days. This was that to exhibit riches in Corea in that lawless time was merely to invite despoilment. He who wore a rich gown or boasted ornaments of the finer jades would be apt to wake in a morning or two—if he woke at all—with all his finery gone, his crops carried off and his cattle driven away. So, though Chun-Po amassed both crops and cattle, he never kept them long. Quickly he sold them and always ostensibly in the name of the great chief, Feng-Sha. The proceeds he hid away.

TWO pens sputtered across parchment in that far city of the foreign devils, and lo, within a measureable space of time, a great change came to Corea and to Chun-Po. At the very beginning the war-lords'

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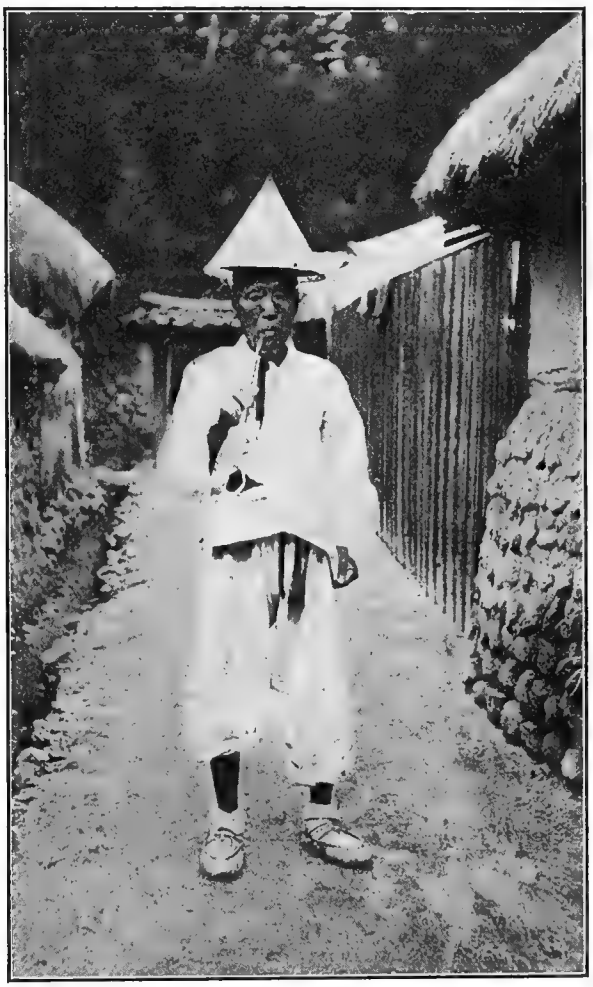
powers vanished. Bayonets of Japan supplanted the swords of those feudal robbers of the people. No longer did they levy tribute at will and collect a customs tax of their individual fixing at every cross roads.

No longer did the Chun-Pos of the country pick up rare bits from the rich men's tables.

Stable government, law and order, had sought out the Hermit Kingdom, and its days as a recluse were done forever. Chun-Po thought ill of this. No longer was he able to seize lands and crops and cattle from the chubby, infant hands of dead men's children. No longer was he able to rob the ignorant in the name of his great lord, Feng-Sha.

It took him many years to get accustomed to the new ways of exercising unscrupulous power within the rules of the game as set down by the hated Japanese. But in time he learned the lesson so well that in his new prosperity he was able to even forget those pleasant days of old when he had been the fattest of all the followers of Feng-Sha. Now had come the time when he need not foreclose a mortgage with a sword, but could use the due processes of the law that was made for better men than he.



As the wrinkled Chun-Po stood of afternoons in the passageway beside his house he meditated wrathfully on the daily appearance of the grinning pedler.

AND so we come to that summer not very many years ago when Chun-Po was grown both old and rich. His possessions had risen beyond the greatest dreams that he had held in his earlier free-booting days. No longer was it necessary to cloak the fact that he walked in riches. He had built himself a fine house—a thing he never would have dared to have done in the days of the feudal lords.

Chun-Po sat within his fine house, old, wrinkled and almost as immobile as one of the gods of his race. As he sat cross-legged on his teak-wood floor he bore a most remarkable resemblance to an old and wrinkled god clad in rich and stiff brocades. Heavy and indolent, he enjoyed the peace that the Japanese reign had brought to his land; the peace that no longer made him and his wife and his children pose as paupers.

And then one day a great blow fell. He and his family were eating their evening rice in an August twilight when there came hurtling into the room a white missile that landed on the floor in a heap of smashed crockery. Well enough Mr. Chun-Po knew what was likely to be written on the piece of paper that he could see was wrapped around the stone and tied to it. Well enough he knew that writing was likely to bring sorrow to his house.

So well did he know what was most likely to be there that he at first was minded to throw the thing out unread and so take a chance with fate. Yet he would have been a superman to have done this. It is not in Corean character to so boldly defy the unseen and terrifying forces behind notes such as this:

> "Old Chun-Po, why should you be rich and we poor? That we, the poverty stricken, may revise the decrees of the gods we say that you must bring to the great tree beside the village temple at the second hour in the morning and before the light of day a bag with 2,000 of the Japanese yen. You shall give the bag to that one of us which shall appear in a mask of black.
>
> "On pain of having your house, your barns, and all your properties in the city that you have so well hidden, burned, do you this on the night of the full moon.
>
> "THE FOUR."

Chun-Po had feared a greater demand. It was with some little relief that he learned that 2,000 yen was all that this band of simple-minded blackmailers was demanding of him. He knew that he could in a pinch have met a demand for six or eight thousand yen, and that he would have done it rather than suffer the loss by fire of his prized fine house and of his great stocks of beans, which lately had been augmented to the limit of his purse. But this feeling of relief was merely temporary.

Chun-Po felt certain that this first demand was to prove only the inaugural one of a series. All too well he knew that once a band of blackmailers had fastened like leeches on some rich victim it was practically a certainty that they would hold fast to his flesh until the last drop of blood was drawn from him in those Japanese yen that the gang demanded.

He knew too that to be seen going to the Japanese controlled police to seek the arrest of the authors of this letter was practically to sign his own death warrant. Long and anxiously he debated whether he should comply with the demand or should attempt to have policemen waylay the blackmailers when they should appear at the tree by the temple.

One of his sons, a well-to-do merchant in Seoul, called on him and casually mentioned that he meant the next day to visit an English merchant acquaintance. Chun-Po saw instantly an opportunity to put an end to the blackmailing quartet without exposing himself to the suspicion that he had betrayed them to the police.

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He asked his son to request the Englishman to please report the case to the Commissioner of Police in Seoul, commander of the 20,000 men that patrol this kingdom of 17,000,000 persons.

The Englishman was to tell the Commissioner of the blackmailing plot and to arrange with him to have policemen stationed all about the village temple on the night of the full moon.

CHUN-PO heard no more concerning the affair, but when the second hour of the morning approached on the night of the full moon he pattered out of his great doorway with a weighty bag in his hand. It held not lead blanks nor washers, as might have been the case in more sophisticated countries, but the actual cash demanded by the blackmailers. If anything in the police arrangements slipped Chun-Po intended that there should be no suspicion concerning him.

THE hut-lined street leading to the green by the village temple was deserted, and in his walk of half a mile Chun-Po did not even see one of the usual Corean night marauders—men who find it so easy to break through the flimsy doors of the Corean huts that they commit burglary practically at will. Except in the houses of the rich there are no barriers strong enough even to delay a thief.

Chun-Po walked with an easy mind, but uneasy conscience toward the big temple. He felt that he was entirely safe. Was he not ready to deliver the money as demanded? Had he not scrupulously—so far as the bandits knew—refrained from communicating with the police? Therefore was he not entirely safe from further molestation?

But a great surprise was waiting for Chun-Po. The second hour came and went and no masked man showed himself by the temple tree. In fact, there was no stir of life in all the neighborhood. He waited with the patience that only an Asiatic can show, for the appearance of his blackmailers. And waited futilely.

When, after half an hour he decided that he had made some mistake in his understanding of the hour or the place, he started to move, there was a general stir and outpouring of men from behind the temple and even from the branches of the tree itself.

Eight policemen shortly surrounded him and questioned him as to how it had happened that the blackmailers were not on hand. Had he warned them? This nonplussed Chun-Po. Had the policemen warned the gang was the question he wished to ask, but dared not give lip to.

Bewildered as he was at first by the sudden turn of events Chun-Po was not too much befuddled to think the thing out. He realized that he was in for dire trouble. His first move was to have two policemen accompany him home and one patrol his yard until day should come. He slept no more that night.

Following what might be called the etiquette of such an affair, a blackmailing gang should let a rich victim rest for several years after once despoiling him. The second blackmailing operation should come only at an opportune time.

But exasperation evidently swept this particular quartet of robbers into unusual action. The next evening there arrived via the thrown-stone route another note. This time the frightened and thoroughly cowed Chun-Po wasted no minutes in deciding what to do. He fairly threw himself flat on his teakwood floor in his rush to grasp the new communication. In the same poorly painted graphs the vertical writing read:

"Chun-Po of the many yen. One time you have tried to betray us. A second time will mean much worse things for you. We shall not wait for our second gift from the esteemed Chun-Po.

Three thousand yen in gold of the Japanese must you deliver to one of us who wears a mask in the middle of the high road that leads to Seoul; in the second hour of the morning between this place and Seoul.

"You shall walk in the middle of the high road and when we shall be ready the man with the black mask shall step out from behind a tree and take your money.

"Beware! Oh Chun-Po, that you do not again betray. The penalty should you not bring the 3,000 yen is that we shall go to the grave of your much admired and revered grandfather, where you buried him two months ago, and shall dig up his body and cut the head therefrom. That head never shall return and that spirit never shall know rest until you shall have paid the 3,000 yen.

"You will walk alone down the highroad with the bag in your hand. No police can watch all the highroad, so do you this to-night.

"Beware and play not false. The happiness of the spirit of your ancestor hangs on your act.

"THE FOUR."

"Sorrow has come upon me indeed," wailed the wrinkled Chun-Po, as the full meaning of the new missive drove home to him. "I had thought they meant to threaten my life—and that I could bear up under. But that they should behead the body of my revered ancestor is a thing far worse—a thing that cannot be undone in the future."

Tears were spattering down his wife's face as she broke in: "You have done your duty. You have paid reverence at the tomb of your ancestor, day after day, since his highly regrettable demise; you have laid him away with all honor and respect; you have observed the faith of our fathers in reverently honoring this grandparent and oh, that it should be all for nothing. That these yellow pigs should undo all your great work for your ancestor's happiness and peace among the gods by beheading him! No longer could you hold up your head among men were you to permit this outrage on your family."

"More than that, more than that," sing-songed Chun-Po. "Not only would I be disgraced in the eyes of all Coreans who honor their fathers and mothers, their grandfathers and their grandmothers and others of their forbears for many generations—

"Not only should I be disgraced among all people, but I must also die of a wounded heart. I could not again ever respect myself should I permit this thing.

"But yet, 3,000 yen. That is a great sum. It is not usual for them to make their second threat so quickly—nor to increase the demand."

"It is the penalty," he told his wife, "for the appearance of the police at the temple tree. But if they had only left my ancestors alone! When they threaten me and my life they scare me little. I am ready to go to where the gods beckon. But that they should destroy the happiness of my grandfather among the gods, that he whom I have revered through life and death, even as these foreign devils do their god, should be bedeviled;

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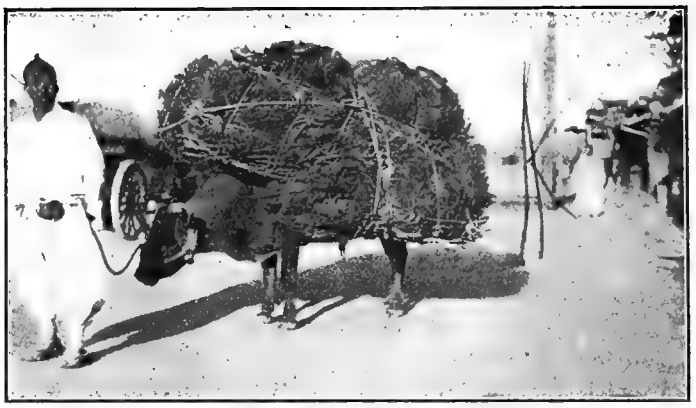
that thing I cannot bear. I must find the money and pay it to these pigs."

So it was that on the following night Chun-Po marched out into the middle of the highway and walked a couple of miles toward Seoul—marched with a clanking burden past merchants who held the road with their loaded oxen even at this late hour. Therefore he had to go far and his bag of gold had long grown irksome to him, before a tall man with a black mask covering his face stepped from behind a tree, seized the golden treasure and darted back again.



Merchants and their oxen held the highway to Seoul, for a long distance.

It was still moonlight and Chun-Po, out of the corners of his eyes, was able to catch sight of three other figures scattered along the highway behind trees.

Chun-Po was a wily man. He had apparently complied with the blackmailers' demands without recourse to the police, yet a curious thing happened. No sooner had he returned to the first crossroads from his little trip down the highway when two Japanese policemen in their khaki riding suits dashed from behind the little police station at the crossroads and on motorcycles shot down to Seoul after the blackmailers. This was in vain. "The Four" were squabbling over the spoils by that time.

It was beside the village temple that the blackmailers ordered Chun-Po to appear with 2,000 yen.

ONCE a victim of Corean blackmailers always a victim. No one knew this better than Chun-Po. He realized as well as anyone that since he had once paid to ransom the head of his revered grandfather he would in the course of time be called upon to ransom the head of every relative who might die.

Every Corean is brought up in the belief that his relatives must be cared for in life and in death before he gives heed even to his own needs. That the body of a relative should be dismembered is probably the severest blow that can be dealt to a Corean either in his feelings or in his standing in the community. A man who has suffered such an indignity may never hold up his head among the others of his race.

For that reason Chun-Po kept close watch on the health of his relatives for long months.

On the opposite side of the street of the Stone Dogs and at a little distance from Chun-Po's house, two laborers were accustomed to lounge—watching.

THEREFORE, more than three years later, when his second cousin fell ill in his house—though this was no fault of his—the aged Chun-Po became highly meditative. As he stood of afternoons in the passageway between his own fine home and the thatched huts of his neighbors he noticed that in these days of his cousin's illness a certain gleeful peddler passed his house many times a day.

Chun-Po reflected deeply. "What do you think," he asked his wife; "should I employ some of our old swordsmen to have this grinning peddler put an end to? There can be doubt that he is of 'The Four,' else why does he pass our door three and four times a day, now that my respected cousin suffers from the white man's drinks. He is like the vultures who gather about the dying. Should our respected cousin die, we will surely find this man does no longer pass our door."

It was a true word Chun-Po spoke. The cousin died and the peddler ceased to hawk his wares in the street of the Stone Dogs on which Chun-Po's fine house stood. The funeral ceremony was scarcely over when additional proof of Chun-Po's accuracy of observation was forthcoming.

Almost four years had passed since Chun-Po had walked infirmly down the high road toward the Seoul gates and in that time the blackmailers had added at least one modern improvement to their method of operation.

Where on an earlier occasion they used the crude stone with a note tied about its middle, they now, in their modern state, employed the mail. This improvement, brought in by the Japanese, had not at first been used by the ignorant, poverty-stricken crowd among which was to be found the members of "The Four."

But now they mailed their demand, and Chun-Po's eyes ran up and down the vertical columns with speed, seeking only to find the damages he was to be assessed by this exclusive band of blackmailers.

The wording interested him little, but when he came across the helter

(*Continued on page* 57)

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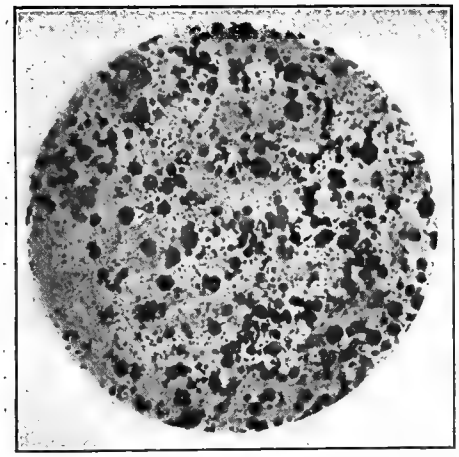
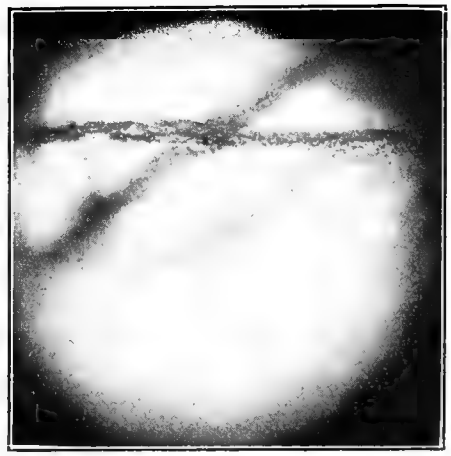
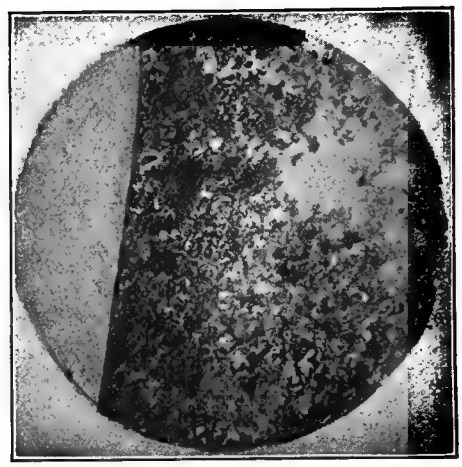


Nickel alloy shavings, magnified 50,000 times, taken from the clothes of a Parisian counterfeiter which, used as evidence, led to his conviction.



A minute shred of cotton fibre taken from the coat of a labor agitator which proved that he had participated in a textile mill riot.



Magnified particles of iron and dust which were introduced as convicting evidence in the trial of a notorious French counterfeiter now behind bars.

Bagging Criminals with a Lens

How the Microscopic "Locard Crime Detector" is Employed in Solving the Baffling Mysteries which Confront the French Police

By HENRI DE BECQUE

A BITTER textile mill strike in an Alsatian town came to a climax when a group of strikers broke into a large mill at night, smashed machinery right and left and destroyed great quantities of woven cloth. The mill was the sole source of employment in the town and the destruction of machinery was such that it was immediately seen that four months would have to elapse before it could be replaced and the mill operated again.

With the whole mill-working population of the town thrown out of employment there arose a tremendous sentiment for the punishment of the raiders who had smashed the machinery. It was known they had come from other mill towns because the population of this particular Rhine valley village had remained loyal to the employers and had continued at work.

Finding themselves in idleness, with months of destitution ahead of them, the weavers bitterly denounced the perpetrators of the outrage and called on the police to find them. This was a difficult task. The raiders had come and gone in the night and there had not been the usual publicity attendant on the affair.

The police had no practical clues to the raiders and obtained only one suggestion that might lead to an arrest. A well-known agitator of Valence, Andre Beaudesseau, had made a speech in which he had imprudently said something about textile mills. This was very slight foundation for an arrest, but the Prefect of Police, goaded to action by the populace, determined to attempt to convict Beaudesseau.

The man was a plasterer by trade and was able to prove that he had been working at his business every day for four months. When he swore before a magistrate that he had never been in a textile mill in his life there was no man to say him nay. The police, at this point, were obliged to set the man free, but before they did it they brought into the case one who often had given wonderful assistance to the police of France. He was Dr. Edmond Locard, head of the Locard Laboratories at Lyons, France, and inventor of a super-microscope which has solved many criminal mysteries. More than that, his repute as a criminologist had spread around the world.

Dr. Edmond Locard of Lyons, France, who has invented a microscope which magnifies objects 50,000 times their natural size. This powerful instrument has been used successfully in obtaining important evidence in criminal cases.

Though Locard's headquarters were in the silk district, the police of the cotton district along the Rhine sent for him in the hope that he could help them in the case of Beaudesseau. After looking over the ground Dr. Locard asked for only one thing. He wished to have Beaudesseau's clothes taken from him, placed in a dust-proof bag and well beaten. As he had arrived the day before Beau-

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desseau's discharge, the police were able to carry out his wishes ere they set the man free.

Beaudesseau, hardened opponent of the police that he was, laughed at them as they flailed the strong canvas bag that held his clothes. He thought it a great joke that anyone should beat the impressed plaster out of his garments. So certain was he that this was a joke that he calmly went about his affairs in the town following his discharge and made no effort to escape. His consternation then was great when after a few days of liberty he was suddenly re-arrested on the old charge and put under heavy bail. Dr. Locard had discovered in the dust from the man's clothes certain microscopic cotton fibres such as float in the atmosphere of a mill. These fibres are too tiny to be seen except when they show themselves momentarily flitting across a beam of sunlight and only Dr. Locard's super-microscope was able to distinguish between them and the fibres from Beaudesseau's own clothing.

Under Dr. Locard's examination they showed quite distinct from the clothing fibres and on the strength of this evidence the police were able to hold the man long enough to obtain corroborating statements from associates of his who had been in the raid.

In carrying this idea of the beating of the clothes still farther French police have recently utilized a vacuum cleaner to bring out the dust from the various garments and fabrics for examination under Dr. Locard's high-power microscope. With such adjuncts as the vacuum cleaner and the dust-tight bag. Dr. Locard is able with his microscope camera to magnify his subjects many thousands of diameters. The instrument reproduces on a photographic plate dust particles so small that one can pick up a dozen of them on the point of a pin. This microscopic camera is eight feet long and produces such prints as those pictured with this story.

Bits of sawdust and wood fibre which, hugely magnified, served to establish the identity of the guilty man in a baffling murder case.

IT was a remarkable murder mystery that established the fame of Dr. Locard's instrument. Marie Latelle, a beautiful young woman of rather well-to-do family living in a suburb of Lyons was found one morning strangled to death in the parlor of her parent's home. The Lyons police were called in although it was out of their district, but neither they nor the local gendarmes were able to find any clues of value. The clear marks of a man's fingers on the young woman's throat were of no avail because the movement of the strangled woman and of her assassin had smudged what prints were there.

There was no known motive for the murder. Just when the police were at sea the girl's fiance, Emile Gourbin, a bank clerk in Lyons, attracted attention at the funeral by his excessive weeping and wailing over the girl's death. His conduct caused suspicion among certain veteran police officials and they arrested him on the chance that he might know something of the crime.

The mystery seemed to have been only increased by his arrest, for he denied having committed the crime or knowing anyone who might have committed it. Moreover, at a preliminary hearing before a magistrate he established what appeared to be a complete alibi. His friends swore that on the evening of the murder, which was known to have occurred shortly before midnight, he had dined with them and had passed the night at their house. They were certain he had remained playing cards until about one o'clock and then had retired to his room. The police in the meantime had discovered that Gourbin had been insanely jealous of Mademoiselle Latelle but they could obtain no direct evidence against him. It seemed certain that when they brought him to trial he would be promptly acquitted.

Right here Dr. Locard stepped into the case on a call from the Lyons police. The scientist hurried to examine the body of the murdered girl. He discovered that certain slight abrasions on her neck that had been thought to be smudged fingerprints were in reality scratches. Under the strong microscope it was plain that the fingernails of the strangler had scraped away the skin on the neck.

Now Dr. Locard had the prisoner brought before him. It was at this point that a very peculiar thing happened. Soon afterwards the eminent scientist was to be seen carefully cleaning the fingernails of a prisoner accused of murder.

Three hours later the police had the evidence that eventually sent Gourbin to the guillotine. This lay in the dirt that had been taken from the man's fingernails. When this was photographed under the microscope there were revealed many blood corpuscles which could not be mistaken for anything else.

Still further evidence accumulated. Even more damning were minute bits of torn flesh. Here was strong circumstantial evidence to convict the man despite his alibi. But there was still nothing to prove that the blood corpuscles and the flesh were those of Mademoiselle Latelle, so Dr. Locard went farther. More minute examination of the plates from his camera revealed a face powder that the young woman used.

It would have been necessary to produce corroborative evidence to convict the man on the traces of the bits of blood and flesh, but the combination of these with the face powder used by the murdered woman was highly convincing. So much did it impress Gourbin that he broke down and confessed his guilt.

ANOTHER characteristic Locard case was that of the counterfeiter of Teulen. The city had been fairly flooded with 100-franc notes and the police arrested, on suspicion only, a formerly notorious counterfeiter. He had served a term in prison but seemed to be living an apparently law-abiding life and was ostensibly operating a café. Furthermore, he declared he had reformed and that he had not touched a printing press or an engraver's tool in five years. The police had no evidence with which to contradict these statements. Yet the counterfeit notes were so skillfully made that the police stuck to the belief that he must have created them.

The case was a puzzle for Dr. Locard when he was first called into it, since a close examination of the coun-

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terfeits failed to reveal any evidence that could connect them with the prisoner. There seemed to be every reason to believe the man's statement that he had done no printing for four or five years.

Then Dr. Locard thought of a way in which he could at least prove or disprove the man's story that he no longer was interested in counterfeit plates or in printing. The doctor had the police arrange for a medical examination of the prisoner and two days later the police knew that their long hunt for the counterfeiter of Teulen was at an end.

How did he do it? Once explained it seems one of the simplest police moves. Dr. Locard simply took advantage of a fact that everyone knows—namely, that occasionally the fingers of every man's right and left hands travel to his ears. What the criminologist did while pretending to examine the prisoner was to take a tiny bit of wax from each of his ears on the ends of two matches. When Dr. Locard smeared this wax on glass slides with a brilliant light behind them, and set his camera, the resulting picture showed great streaks of printers' ink, particles of dust from lithographing stones such as counterfeits are printed from, and fine traces of crystals from a chemical used in lithographic engraving.

Dr. Locard's picture told the police what the prisoner had been doing as plainly as if they had watched him at work with his counterfeiting acids, stones and inks. The result, of course, was the man's conviction. It proved that Dr. Locard's microscope would be very effective in identifying counterfeiters since it would hardly be possible for them to print their spurious currency without tell-tale traces of chemicals or metals appearing on their persons or clothing. This was proved quickly enough after the Teulen case when the police of Paris called in Dr. Locard to help them convict, if possible, a man who they suspected of making one-franc pieces of nickel and alloy instead of silver.

FOR years these imitation coins had been issued in Paris and the police had believed them the work of Josef Holle, a wax worker. It was impossible to obtain any real evidence against the man, so the police arrested him on quite a different charge—a trumped-up one. Holle was mirthful over it. He knew he could readily disprove the allegation made against him by the Commissary of Police. But he did not know that Dr. Locard was having his clothes beaten in a dust-proof bag and was putting the resulting particles under a microscope that had no equal in the laboratories of criminologists anywhere in the world. The picture developed by the scientist showed the presence of large quantities of particles of nickel and alloy. These tiny specks of metal became jagged chunks when magnified and a chemical analysis told the story of their composition. It was a story with a tragical finale for Holle.

THE giant microscopic camera found another new use recently when Dr. Locard photographed with it the fingers of a man who was suspected of a particularly brutal murder. The man had washed his hands clean, as he supposed, of all traces of the crime—and he had done so successfully so far as human powers of observation went.

But he reckoned not with the super-microscope. Its enormously magnifying eye revealed in the pores of the man's finger tips traces of the blood of his victim. In this instance the microscope revealed evidence that could not have been obtained in any other fashion.

The magnified pores of a murderer's fingers clogged with his victim's blood which he thought he had washed away.

DR. LOCARD obtained considerable fame in the case in which two men workers in a lumber yard quarrelled about a woman. There was a rough and tumble fight and one of the men killed the other by a blow on the head. Marks on the ground showed that the men had rolled and tumbled over a wide area during the fight. The man suspected of the crime stoutly denied it, asserted he had not even been in a fight. As the woman involved was his wife and she stuck by him there was no way of convicting him. She could not be forced to testify under French law.

But what his wife could not do, his clothes could do. Dr. Locard, obtaining the dust from the man's coat by the beating process, found particles of sawdust and wood fibre that so completely corresponded with the material on the ground over which the fight had taken place that a strong case was made out against the man.

Yet this was not enough. The criminologist brought his work to a dramatic conclusion by putting side by side photographs of the dust taken from the coat of the dead man and pictures of the dust particles from the coat of the accused. They were so exactly alike that they served, together with evidence that the prisoner had quarrelled with the murdered victim, to convict the slayer.

There is something bordering on the miraculous in this terrible instrument of the French scientist which enables the souls of the murdered dead to rise up from the very dust and pointing their ghostly fingers at the culprit cry "guilty"!

The successful co-operation of Dr. Locard with the police in the various French cities has proved the need and desirability of the trained scientist in the detection of crime. The wonders worked by Dr. Locard's "crime detector" have persuaded the most skeptical that his super-microscope is more potent than anything else of a mechanical nature ever employed by the police. With so remarkable an ally back of them the gendarmarie of the Republic now feel confident that but few unsolved criminal cases such as have perplexed them in the past will find their counterpart in the future. The way of the transgressor has been made doubly hard today through the agency of the microscope's lens.

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Little Mysteries from Real Life

The Clues by Which Famous Detectives Have Solved Their Cases Are Given Here. The Solutions Are on the Next Page.

The Plague of Thieving

ERIE, PA., suffered two plagues of sneak-thieving in one year. In the first series of thefts whole stocks from stores were taken in a single night and it was months before the thief was uncovered in the person of a farmer from out of town who had buried all the plunder on his farm—even to a large two-horse wagon he had stolen. This was uncovered and the man, George Knapp, sent to prison—yet wholesale thieving continued in Erie.

The new thefts of the new series were of a different character, being exclusively burglaries in residences. All suspicious characters were rounded up and the police patrol was doubled, yet the burglaries continued night after night. All were committed well after midnight.

The only clue left was a mark of a peculiarly nicked "jimmy" which was used in opening windows. The detectives on the case, working about twenty hours a day, took account of every man in and around Erie apparently, but made no progress. At the time it was the custom of most of the detectives to make a last call at night at the Reed House.

He noticed the same woman leaving in the same fashion.

As these men sat talking there after midnight one evening, John Wilson Murray, Chief of Detectives, noticed a scrubwoman leave the hotel quietly by a back entrance. On following nights, each time about one o'clock in the morning, he noticed the same woman leaving in the same fashion.

With only so much information to go on Murray uncovered one of the most peculiar criminal partnerships in history and solved the mystery of the great series of residence burglaries.

What was the method by which the detective solved this series of mysteries? Turn over this page.

The Neutral Correspondent

ONE of the great difficulties that the British authorities had to contend with in the early part of the World War before America joined in the conflict was created by the presence in England of "neutral" correspondents who, on the pretext of serving papers in various parts of the globe, travelled around England and even occasionally obtained passports for Holland, where, in Rotterdam, the German agents were numerous.

One such correspondent who had travelled extensively in England and Ireland was carefully watched by Scotland Yard, but its men found nothing actionable. The man was engaged in obtaining pictures for an American film concern.

He carried only one pair of black socks.

In September, 1916, this correspondent asked for a passport to Rotterdam. The permit was granted and he went by sea to Rotterdam and returned.

The Scotland Yard men in charge of his case at this point turned customs officers and in that guise looked through the correspondent's baggage on his return to England. Nothing that was suspicious was observed, except one thing. The examining officer noted that though the American was accustomed to wear flashy clothes and had hose of many colors in his suitcase he carried only one pair of black socks. The officer held these up for a moment and closely watched the correspondent's face as he did so. There was a tremor of the eyelids and the customs officer immediately put down the socks as if satisfied that there was nothing unusual about them.

The passenger was allowed to depart undisturbed for the very good reason that two Scotland Yard men had been assigned to keep him in sight at all times.

The detective who had examined the baggage had put Basil Thomson, then in charge of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard, on one of the best trails so far uncovered. It led to the conviction of the American as a spy and his sentence to death, and to his eventual reprieve for the purpose of travelling to the United States where he revealed a great nest of German spies. Many arrests here were the result.

What was the clue that the Scotland Yard man found? For the answer of this question turn over this page.

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Little Mysteries from Real Life

(Continued from the previous page)

The Plague of Thieving

AFTER Murray had seen the scrubwoman leave the hotel three or four times it occurred to him that her hours coincided with those of the burglaries, nearly all of which had been early morning thefts. Having investigated the habits of most men who frequented the streets at night he felt it might not be amiss to watch a night-prowling woman. So the detective asked a clerk where she lived. When he found the clerk did not know he essayed to follow her. The woman vanished from his sight before she had gone five blocks and he went home vexed at his inability to trail a mere scrubwoman.

The next morning Chief of Police Crowley was glum. Another burglary had been committed about four blocks from where Murray had lost the old woman. So the next night he followed her and this time was successful for a distance of sixteen blocks. Then she vanished suddenly around a corner. The morning brought another vexing burglary report.

Murray was an expert shadower and the result was that on his next post-midnight trailing the old woman failed to lose him. Instead she kept him criss-crossing Erie for three solid hours. Finally at dawn she went into a shabby, large house on the outskirts of the town.

In the meantime and while Murray was trailing her, another burglary was committed. When he heard this late in the morning Murray hastened to the woman's house. He found her, her daughter, and another woman living there. The other woman, like the scrubwoman, was a crone of about sixty.

The women were so peculiar that Murray was puzzled about them, but it was an accident involving his fall through a broken chair and his kicking over of a steaming kettle that really served his purpose. As the kettle lay on its side on the floor he saw inside what appeared to be a stove-lifter. Taking it out he found it was a nicked "jimmy" corresponding to that which had marked the looting of all the residences.

He recovered in the house all the stolen plunder besides a fine set of burglar's tools. The women formed the only feminine firm of burglars of which he had ever heard.

He learned from them that his three hours of trailing Mrs. Mary Ann Hall, the scrubwoman, had been caused by the fact that Mrs. Maggie Carroll, the partner, had seen him following Mrs. Hall and had mewed like a cat as a signal to her partner that she was being shadowed.

The Neutral Correspondent

SCOTLAND YARD knew at this time that the Germans were sending agents to England equipped with invisible ink that was not carried in bottles and when the pretended customs inspector found just one pair of black socks in the wardrobe effects of a man addicted to polychrome attire he felt them over carefully.

In doing so he noted that the tops of the socks were rough and crackly as if they were encrusted with some invisible substance. He suspected that this was the invisible ink in which the Germans had dipped the ends of the stockings for the purpose of concealing its presence in the correspondent's baggage—a suspicion that was later proved correct.

The result was that he had two men shadow the correspondent, take note of all the persons he met in England and Ireland, most of whom were subsequently arrested. Then, when the correspondent appeared about to leave the country, he was arrested.

Basil Thomson interrogated the man and found in his possession two other strongly incriminating articles, namely, a ball-point pen and a package of unglazed paper—both of them being necessary equipment for a person engaged in correspondence with invisible ink. They were then almost sure indications that their possessor was a German spy.

All of the German agents that were arrested at this time possessed these. He also had one other strongly suspicious document, a draft for 200 pounds. It was the habit of the Germans in sending a spy into England to give him 200 pounds for expenses.

This particular correspondent confessed that he had been hired in New York for twenty pounds a week to go to England and obtain all the information possible. After he was sentenced to death the very intricate ramifications of the German spy system in London and New York were revealed as the result of his turning State's evidence. He was sent to prison here, but saved his neck.

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A Wise Guy Is Held Up

A Deputy Chief's Experience Wherein He Finds What a Quick Thinker Can Do in a Pinch—and Where He Fails

THE interesting thing about police work is that it is always presenting new angles—flashing light from a new facet to fascinate one's eyes.

Take the matter of the rapid succession of hold-up reports that came into a certain Headquarters on a certain evening. First, the ———— restaurant out in the suburbs, had been held up and the crowd in it robbed of about $1,200. Close behind came the story of a cigar-store held up a few doors away. In this case the proprietor had been denuded of some $300 and a gold watch.

Before the wires were cold on that yarn a laundryman two blocks away was telling that the same gang had visited his place and cleared out with $218.

"Very bold crowd," said the Chief as he started for the scene. "Very bold to try three hold-ups in one neighborhood one right after the other. Boldest bunch I ever heard of. They must think poorly of us."

He reached the laundry first and the proprietor gave him a full description of the robbers, saying they had backed him into a closet and kept him there.

"The money?—Oh, yes, that was the week's turn-in by a couple of my drivers. Want to talk to them?"

The Chief did not. He went on to the cigar-store. The proprietor was a youngish chap, sharp featured. He put down the telephone as the Chief entered, saying to the other party, "I'll call you again and give you all the details. The police are here now."

"Newspaper?" said the Chief. The youngish man nodded, not happily. "Told them yet that it's the fault of the police, not guarding you proper?"

"Why, not exactly," said the cigar man in a tone not quite so brash as his looks led one to expect from him.

"Were you expecting the newspaper to catch this gang?"

"Why, no. I reported it right off to Headquarters. I hope you get them and my money. Besides, that watch was worth $200."

"Where'd you buy it?" was the Chief's quiet question.

"I can't just remember. In Chicago, years ago."

"And you figure its worth $200?"

"Sure I do, I paid that for it."

"Say, you're insured aren't you?"

"Yes, I've got $500 in hold-up insurance on the store here."

"And $300 and $200 make five hundred? Say, aren't you a quick thinker in business?"

"Why some say I am, why?"

"Nothing,—so long."

THE Chief walked the few doors to the restaurant. Here the atmosphere was different. There was still a tremor in the air. A woman whose hair was disheveled was weeping. The proprietor talked unwillingly to the Chief. He had not called the police, it seemed. One of his patrons who had lost $10 when lined up against the wall, had done that. The proprietor had handed over $265 to the four robbers who had invaded the place at half-past eleven and calmly gone through the crowd. Only one man had escaped without loss and the robbers had thrust him into a closet because he was broke.

"Tell me," said the Chief, how it was so many men with big rolls were here at that time of night. Five men and two women and the gang gets $1,200 at near midnight out here in the suburbs?"

There was a very big question mark after that. And the proprietor floundered. "Why they come here every night to eat"—there was just a suspicion of hanging fire on the last word.

"Where were they when the gang came in?" the Chief asked one of the local detectives, ignoring the owner.

"In the back room."

"Ah, let's look."

The party moved back to the rear room. The pinochle table was still there, strewn with cards. All about on the floor were bottles. The Chief sniffed the aroma from one.

"They must have been badly upset," said he, "to leave all this mess for us to see." And he returned to questioning the proprietor.

"Who won in the game?"

The proprietor mentioned names. They meant nothing to the Chief.

"Well, who are they?"

"One was the cigar-man down the block. He won nearly three hundred—"

"Stop—you mean the cigar-man four doors away-sharp-featured, youngish fellow?"

"Sure, that's him. They took it all away from him."

"How'd you know—been down to his store?"

"No, saw them take it."

"Here?"

"Sure, where would it be?"

"And he was insured—but in the store," thought the Chief.

"What did the cigar-man do after the robbers left?" he asked.

"He was the first one to run out—"

"My, he was a quick thinker, wasn't he?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the proprietor.

"Was there a laundryman here—from over on the avenue?"

"Yes, he was the fellow they threw in the closet because he hadn't any money."

"Playing pinochle without money, eh? How does he do it?"

"Oh, he had plenty when he started—he lost over $200."

"Was it just $218," asked the Chief.

"Yes, how'd you know?"

"Just guessed. He was a hard loser, too, wasn't he?"

"You bet—he was pretty near weeping about what his wife would do to him when he came home without that money. Scared to death then, but he didn't seem to worry so much over the robbers."

"Tell me," said the Chief, "this robbery here was a real one wasn't it? You're not kidding your wife or trying to get insurance or anything are you?"

"I don't know what you mean," said the proprietor.

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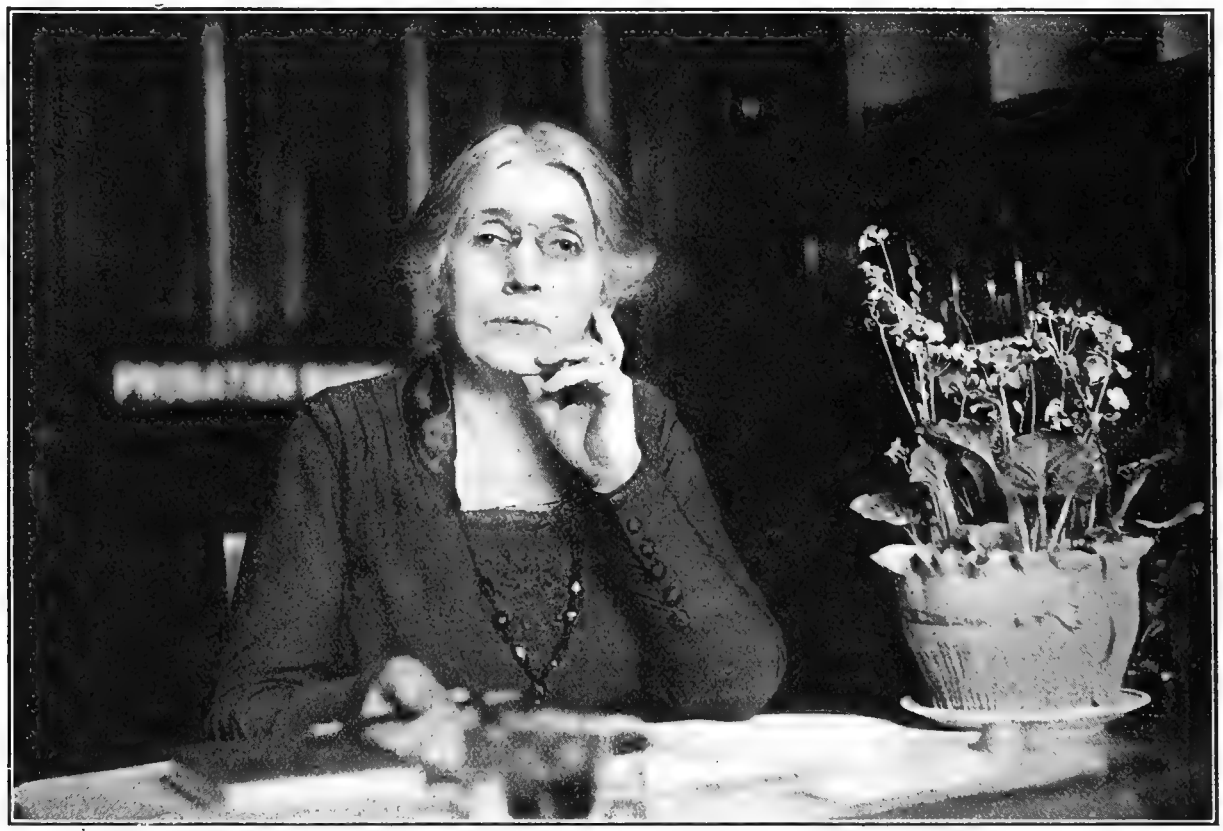

Underwood & Underwood

"Ten years ago the complaint 'It is hard for a girl to be good' was truer than it is today."

How I Am Salvaging Women's Souls

The Reclaimed Girl is Shown How to be Self-Supporting and Self-Respecting — She is Building an Economic Dyke Against the Future

By ALICE C. SMITH

Known to New Yorkers as the "Angel Policewoman."

TWENTY-TWO years of work among so-called "lost souls" has taught me that they are not necessarily lost. A decade ago I said that of all erring women under twenty-five years old, fifty per cent could be saved.

Now in a day of greater enlightment and of greater community kindness I am glad to be able to say that of the class that the world calls "fallen women" three-fourths of those under the age I have named can be rescued.

Those words that were once on the lips of every woman who has made the social error, "It is too late; no one will give me a chance," are no longer true. The world is willing, it is anxious, to help the woman who has made a misstep. Striking evidence of this is to be found in the fact that in many thousands of homes in this city women of this type are now living as companions and helpers, and that from not one of the homes has come the report of any advantage being taken of such a girl's record.

If the homes have contained any Lotharios they have not spent their time philandering with these girls. That is remarkable, especially in view of the frequent reports of committees that it is from the class of domestics that most delinquents of this sort come.

One of our most potent means of saving the discouraged delinquent is to provide for her a home background. One of the sects has a system of what are called "Opportunity Homes." Assume that Nellie G. has erred and has reached the Day Court for Women. She is sent to the Florence Crittenton Home until work has been found for her. Probably she is unskilled and her wage is small. Her need and that of the housewife who wants more help in her home meet.

The girl who is making the experiment in the new and better life is glad of the work. Yet the pay in the large home is not quite enough to cover her expenses. Therefore a place is found for her in a home where she can assist in preparing the breakfast. Here she takes care of the children three or four evenings a week. And she gives assistance in the home on Sunday. For this she receives her breakfast and dinner, and a shelter. Generally she has a room with the children who are her occasional charges. All this is an inestimable boon to

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such a woman. She has the privilege and pleasure of saving most of the money she earns. Gradually she becomes self-supporting and self-respecting. She is erecting an economic dyke against the future waves of adversity. I cannot overstress the value of these Opportunity Homes in the salvaging of women's souls. The method is a comparatively new one.

Wayward minors and incorrigible girls are no longer sent to the workhouse where they meet women older and more experienced in evil. They go instead to the Florence Crittenton Home and to a reformatory or, in certain instances, sentence is suspended.

ANOTHER new and important means of saving the women who might otherwise be lost through lack of a haven is the service of the Neurological Institute. The Neurological Hospital is well-known for its excellent work. The institute has lent us its skill in the reclamation of fallen women.

Mental instability has always been a factor in this problem. Social workers have differed about its importance, some saying that more than half of the delinquents are below the average in intelligence and are defectives. Others have thought this an exaggeration. The Neurological Institute answers the question specifically in every case.

If there is any doubt about the strength and facility of a woman's mind she is sent to the Institute. The test is thoroughly made according to the latest methods of determination. When the report arrives the Magistrate passes sentence in the light of science. Or a probation officer can be sure how capable the woman in question is for a place in a home or a store.

Such a report as the following, for instance, would end any hope of the girl filling a post of any economic importance. It is based on two different tests—one of them acting as a check on the other.

Age: 17 years; Time in U. S., 4 years; Born in Bermuda; Mental age under Terman score, 11 yrs. 5 months; Intelligence quotient, .71.

On the Terman revision of the Binet-Simon test this patient shows a mental age of 11 yrs. 5 months. Without further knowledge of the patient she would appear to be fairly equipped mentally. It develops, however, that she is somewhat familiar with the test questions, having been examined twice before, which alters the situation.

On tests usual for 9-year-old children she failed in sentence construction and was unable to make change. She was unable to do simple problems like subtracting 4 from 10. In problems suitable to the child of ten, she failed in several points. But in the 12th year test she succeeded in the majority of problems. She was, however, deficient in vocabulary and in interpretation of pictures. The tests in which she succeeded beyond the tenth year group were those she knew from previous experience.

The Herring Test, given as a check on the Terman, places her intelligence at 10 years. Her intelligence mark is .62. This places her definitely in the feeble-minded group, among the high-grade morons.

Considering her native ability and her tendency to become a social menace it might be wise to consider deportation.

Ten years ago the complaint "It is hard for a girl to be good" was truer than it is today. Then I agreed, in a measure, with the statement. It was not impossible, but it was hard. At that time I found three great reasons for feminine delinquency.

Fifty per cent of the cases were due to poor and inadequately managed homes. Thirty per cent of the girls who needed my services could not live on their wages. The remaining twenty per cent were the result of what I termed "unschooled emotions."

It is most inspiring to look back over the ten years and visualize the radical change that has taken place for the better. Homes have improved. They are most intelligently and humanly managed. They have been made pleasanter for the girl who returns from her work in a store or a factory or an office. The settlement workers and the mothers' clubs and the wider information that foreign-born parents now have concerning our standards of living have brought this about. Today I am not over-estimating the home conditions when I say that only twenty per cent of delinquents are the victims of bad home environment.

Twenty per cent, one-fifth, is too great a number. But that is encouragingly less than the old proportion of fifty per cent, or one-half.

THE number of girls who go wrong because their wages are inadequate is today negligible. I know of practically none. Wages are better. Girls can live on them. Especially if they live in the fast-increasing number of well-managed and chaperoned boarding-houses and homes for the self-supporting girl.

A notable one among these is called the Webster Apartments. They were provided for in the will of a member of a great mercantile firm. He understood the need of such homes for working girls and provided a model one.

In my survey of the situation ten years ago I asked good women of this city and other cities to be interested in the formation of girls' clubs. The need for places where girls could go for amusement, and where good women could exercise judicious oversight, was great. Those clubs have come into being and are functioning successfully.

The Carroll Club, occupying the house once owned by the Colony Club, which is composed of wealthy New York women, is a fine example. The girls have a squash court, a library and reading room and a swimming pool.

It is a delightful place of meeting. Means of spending vacations in safe and pleasant places have been arranged by the Vacation Society. Great firms who employ girls

(*Continued on page* 62)

MISS ALICE C. SMITH has given nearly a quarter of a century to the work of salvaging the souls of women. Her volunteer social services so commended her to John D. Rockefeller that for three years he paid her salary for her work in the courts. New York then took over her services and placed her name on its payroll where it has remained. She first served in the Yorkville Court, then in the Night, which has become the Day Court for Women, which holds its sessions in Jefferson Market Courthouse. Miss Smith is the chief probation officer of that court. She is said to know every woman who was ever arrested for soliciting in New York and these women call her "The Angel Policewoman."

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THE CRACK PISTOL TEAM OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT

The members of this highly efficient group are: Seated, left to right, Sergeant Frank J. Lonergan, Sergeant Arthur Wallender, Lieut. Ralph Micelli, Patrolman Adolph Schuber and Sergeant David Twomey. Standing, Patrolman J. Saylor, Military Captain Charles E. Schofield, Acting Detective-Sergeant Henry Butts, Patrolman John E. Wendel.

Each Cop a Crack-a-jack Marksman

What the New Police School of Pistol Practice in New York Is Doing to Beat the Gunmen at Their Own Game

By ERROL E. HART

EVEN visitors to New York have recently come to realize — as have, of course, the citizens of the Metropolis—that the activities of gunmen and bandits in the streets of that city have recently lessened remarkably. Within a few months the situation as affects these gentry has undergone a sharp change. No longer do reports of their doings show increase. Payroll robberies are fewer; store hold-ups are scarcer and less daring. When the reasons for the diminution in banditry and gun-play are sought it is found that policies instituted by Police Commissioner Enright have contributed materially to it. The gunmen know less about guns, today, than the policemen.

This story deals with just one factor that has had a marked influence in cutting down the number of bandit raids in the streets of the Metropolis, and it shows what can be done in any city. This new element that is constantly cutting down the number of gunmen and bandits at large or forcing under cover those who are still out of prison is the constant better-

HALT, BANDITS!

HOW America's police can check the bandits and the gunmen now active in every section of the country is a problem that interests all citizens as well as their guardians in blue. A beginning has been made in certain cities and one of the methods that is already bearing fruit is that described here.

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ment that is being effected in the pistol shooting of the New York force.

As a whole the men of the force are becoming good marksmen instead of the indifferent shooters that they were two years ago. As it works out in practical effect on the gunmen, hi-jackers and bandits, the police are getting their men with greater frequency and greater certainty than before.

It is easy to see that this serves to keep down the number of pistol-carrying criminals at large and also to greatly restrict their activities. Despite their trade they are not men to deliberately take too many chances and the prospect that they will either be captured or shot, once they met a New York policeman, is today a real deterrent to them.

There are statistics to back up the statement that the hold-up industry in New York has come upon evil days. Every policeman knows that less daredeviltry is shown in the few hold-ups that now occur, that there is less temerity in the use of pistols and that there are fewer attacks on New Yorkers. Most leaders of business have also recognized the change that has come about. It has gradually taken place over a period of eighteen months, but the solid results of Commissioner Enright's policy of killing off banditry have become most noticeable in the summer just past.

THERE are statistics, too, that show the change in the general shooting ability of the police force. Without using them in detail it is sufficient to say that two years ago when the present system of instructing the bluecoats in how to use a pistol was begun, it was found that fifty-five per cent of the men on the force could not hit a seventeen-inch target at twenty yards. Many men had not had their pistols out in years. Weapons were found rusted and absolutely dangerous to their owners because of their condition.

Today each policeman in the department has pistol practice every six months and the present situation is that the men who cannot hit the twenty-yard target are almost precisely one-tenth in number what they were two years ago. The percentage then was fifty-five. Today it is a trifle over five and one-half.

In the same period the number of men making high scores has doubled and trebled in several of the categories. The New York police as a body are becoming good marksmen.

Nor is this the end of the chapter. This year the force as a whole, on the basis of individual scoring, is being held up to a minimum score of fifteen, to be made in ten shots, at a twenty-yard target. Any man who fails to reach this is penalized. The present purpose for next year is to set the minimum score at twenty on the same target. In the following years it will be moved still higher.

The aim is, as Commissioner Enright recently expressed it, to maintain the New York police as the best pistol-shooting large organization in the world, bar none—armies, navies and marine forces all challenged.

This is one of the principal answers of the New York police to the developments of the last few years in criminal practice and the increasing use of fast motor cars and pistols. It is an answer that has already caused a marked slowing down in the bolder forms of criminal activity.

Here something should be said about the spirit with which the policemen themselves have taken to the instruction and pistol practice which have now been a regular feature of their training for two years. At first there were many who looked askance at the programme for instruction, many who said, "Ah, we don't need that."

But the intervening time with its early growth of banditry and the more recent subsidence of that industry has served to change the views of practically all of these objectors. Today the men welcome the semi-annual practice at which their abilities are tried out and they are given instruction that will enable them to become better and better marksmen.

Men of the uniformed force who are constantly on duty where they may at any moment encounter "gunplay" are now praising the teaching that enables them to meet readily and fearlessly any pistol peril into which they may run. As their markmanship is improved, the men of the department feel better able to cope with the gunmen than ever before. Likewise they feel that they have this particular class of criminals on the run.

THE problem for the New York department, as for all departments, is that of instructing its men in pistol practice without diminishing the patrol force. The method by which the instruction is accomplished and the patrol force still kept intact was devised by Lieutenant Ralph Micelli, for years one of the best pistol shots in the United States and at present in charge of pistol instruction in the department.

The plan is one that can be used in every large department in America.

Under it all the men in the department from the highest officers at Headquarters down to the farthest patrolmen in Rockaway or Staten Island appear once in six months at one of the three instruction centers in the

(*Continued on page* 64)

Each policeman in the Department has pistol practice every six months and the men who cannot hit the twenty-yard target are one-tenth in number what they were two years ago.

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The Mystery *of* THE SHATTERED HAND

A True Detective Story Told by the Man Who Landed His Prey After a Fruitless Hunt for Clues, Which Reveals How Discovery of One Small, Gruesome Object Finally Led to a Clever Crook's Undoing

By Charles J. Schalter
Detective Sergeant, Baltimore Police Department

Here is one of those thrilling adventures which are "all in the day's work" of the active men of the Police Departments of our Great American cities. Such vivid acts of realism, plucked from life, as is this one, bring home to us some understanding of what the American detective encounters and endures

"To attempt an entrance by such a route seemed about the last thing that any sane creature would do."

Drawn by James Anthony Kelly

It was a mystery made possible by the movies. Apparently it might have been one especially created for their use. Its beginning certainly was of a sort to be found on the screen much more often than in actual life.

It was brought to my attention on March 12th, 1923, when the manager of the Forest Park Theater reported that his office in that theater had been robbed during the night of the previous day's receipts—the loss was more than $1,000. Naturally I questioned him. He answered fully and frankly, so far as I could tell; yet never in my experience have answers, given in good faith, conveyed less information than did those of his—and no wonder!

"You're sure that the theater doors were locked, and all the windows fastened, after the last performance? Also that you found all those fastenings intact when you returned to discover that the money was gone?"

He repeated his assent to both questions.

"In that case," I said confidently, "it was an inside job."

"Then it must have been the cat," he retorted. "I was the last human being in the building when it was closed for the night—I made sure of that myself and personally saw that everything was locked tight. I counted the money after everybody else had gone."

Nothing ever is to be gained by argument in the face of such a statement. It is true that I accepted it with many mental reservations, but even so I had to admit that it dropped a monkey-wrench into the gear of that "inside job" theory.

Yet the money was gone, and if the robbery wasn't an inside job, it must have been worked from without; there was no getting away from that. The manager told me that he had carefully examined all fastenings of doors and windows without finding any signs of forcible entry—but what of that? He couldn't be expected to find them if they were at all obscure. He hadn't been trained to make such examinations. I had, however, and I went to work.

I started that examination with firm confidence and no misgivings worth mentioning. I ended it with no confidence worth mentioning, but with more misgivings than I can remember having entertained since the day when I last was compelled to accept a paternal invitation to a seance in the woodshed. I went over that theater almost with a fine-toothed comb, and the result was—nothing.

The window fastenings were strong, in perfect order and of an approved pattern. The doors, both inner and outer, were secured by modern locks, impossible to pick and immune to attacks of so-called "skeleton" keys. I had the few duplicate keys in existence so exactly accounted for as to render it absolutely certain that none of them could have been used.

The fabled Sherlock Holmes himself could not have made a more thorough search than mine for minute signs of an expert burglar's work on doors or window-frames, but there were no signs, minute or otherwise. Unheard-of quantities of lycopodium and lamp-black, warranted to put salt on the tails of the shy and elusive finger-print, were wasted in vain; finger-prints were as conspicuously absent as all other signs. So there I was, precisely where I had begun.

So far as I then could tell, it had been committed neither from the inside nor the outside—yet it obviously must have been done either one way or the other. The symptoms, in short, seemed absolutely to contradict themselves, which made them quite obscure enough to interest me.

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A NOTED detective of fiction, diametrically opposite in every essential to those of prosaic fact, nevertheless was supposed to have uttered one maxim with which every practical detective will agree. He said, in effect, that after the plausible theories were exhausted, one had to resort to the implausible ones in order to find the truth; and that is what I did.

To start with, I brought the manager again to headquarters and questioned him once more, but this time from a different angle. He had taken the tickets in person, that night of the robbery, and I wanted to know how many of those who passed in were known to him by sight and reputation. There were not many of these; and of the names the manager gave only one caught my interest.

It was that of Herbert O. Barnes—who so called himself when he was not using another of the large assortment of names which he kept at hand. Ostensibly he was a carpenter, but his principal activities had extended in quite different directions, for he had served long sentences for larceny, robbery, burglary and assault, not to mention other smaller and incidental crimes. He was a crook with brains, resource and much mechanical skill, and this apparently clueless robbery could have been committed by no other sort of man.

It was upon Barnes, therefore, that my suspicions naturally rested. But suspicions and proofs are very different things; a fact of which no one would be more keenly aware than Barnes himself. We had no record of recent criminal activities on his part; he was supposed to be "running straight." To arrest and examine a man of his intelligence and experience on mere suspicion would have been worse than useless.

Puzzling over this question I returned to the theatre. There was no use in repeating my previous fruitless examination; that field was exhausted. So were all plausible theories, and I was wondering which of the implausible ones to select when I reached my destination, and saw the answer before my eyes.

I HAD approached the theater from its rear. Here there was a chute, leading down into the cellar, and working in this chute was a lift used for raising ashes and the like to the street level. When not in use the chute was closed by a circular top of heavy iron, fitting flush with the pavement. On this was stored barrels of paste, ladders, buckets and all manner of things used by bill-posters.

There were enough of these things to make a very respectable load for a derrick, and it was evident that they were habitually stored there. To attempt an entrance by such a route seemed about the last thing that any sane creature would do. But it was the only possible mode of entrance that had not been exhaustively investigated—and therefore my least forlorn hope.

The bill-posters' junk was removed by my orders, and the chute cover opened; opened carefully, so that no trace that might have been left by the criminal could be damaged. But the care was useless. I found—not the fingerprints for which I was prepared to search—but a finger itself.

It had been a perfectly good finger until its owner had so carelessly left it behind; the little one from the left hand, so complete that a small gold ring still remained in its accustomed place. My luck had turned!

Now, I am fully aware that many thinking people stoutly deny the existence of "luck"; but those people, it seems to me, quarrel only with the word, but not with its meaning.

Not being a super-detective of fiction, but just a hard-working and—I hope—fairly competent human cop, I might very probably have been left wholly at a loss if it had not been for that lucky find.

I HAVE said that the finger was a perfectly good one. The impression given by its tip was clear and distinct, and identified it beyond the possibility of doubt as having been the property of Mr. Barnes. After a search of eight hours I located the house in which the finger's former proprietor lived with a woman who posed as his wife.

By various subterfuges I learned that he was not at home, and then began one of the tedious spells of vigilant waiting that all detectives know so well and dislike so much. Along toward midnight my vigil was rewarded by the approach of a man with a bandaged left hand. I gathered him in, locked him up as a suspect and went to bed.

Barnes vehemently maintained his innocence when I questioned him the next morning, but I had expected that. His tale was that he had been unloading lumber for use in his trade as a carpenter, and that a heavy stick had fallen on his finger, crushing it so that it had to be amputated by a surgeon whose name and address he had forgotten.

So my next job was to find the surgeon, which was not difficult; he was one of the most prominent in the city. He had made no amputation, it developed; had simply trimmed and dressed the stump of a finger already cut off. He also had been told that tale of the falling stick of lumber, and had been given a name and address equally fictitious.

Confronted by this evidence, Barnes caved in and confessed; he pleaded guilty at his trial and was sentenced to five years imprisonment. The essentials of justice were satisfied—but not my curiosity.

How had he managed to get away with that money, leaving no clue except the one which the accident had caused? I asked him; and now that denials were of no value, he told me the story with something like pride.

Upon entering the theater, he and his "wife" took seats near the office door. While the auditorium was darkened, he hurried to the cellar, removed the bar that fastened the chute door and returned. A bunch of keys was hanging on the office door. When no one was looking he reached over, took the bunch, removed the key that unlocked that door, hung the bunch in its old place by sticking another key in the lock and then, when the film was run, went home, bidding the manager a cordial "good night" as he left.

About midnight he returned, and after removing the barrels and so on, opened the cellar chute. This, when open, was held almost perpendicular by check-chains forming a "V". His failure to put a bar between the top to hold it open was his undoing. As he grasped one of the chains to lower himself into the cellar, he pulled down the top, which fell on his finger, shearing it off.

He searched for that finger, he told me, but couldn't find it. So he made an extemporized bandage of his handkerchief, went up to the office, got the money and returned. Reclosing the iron top, he somehow managed to replace all that bill-poster's stuff exactly as he found it. Then, later in the day, he went and had his hand properly attended to.

How simple the solution was, after all! But then, most solutions are simple, I've observed—after you've discovered them.

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Berlin police officer in service cap and wrap-leggings.

Oxygen apparatus used by the Berlin police for reviving apparently drowned persons.

Berlin patrolman in standard cap and regulation rain-coat.

Solving Some Strange Murders

Berlin's Detective Force Has Unusual Methods of Clearing Up Perplexing Crimes Due to Post-War Conditions

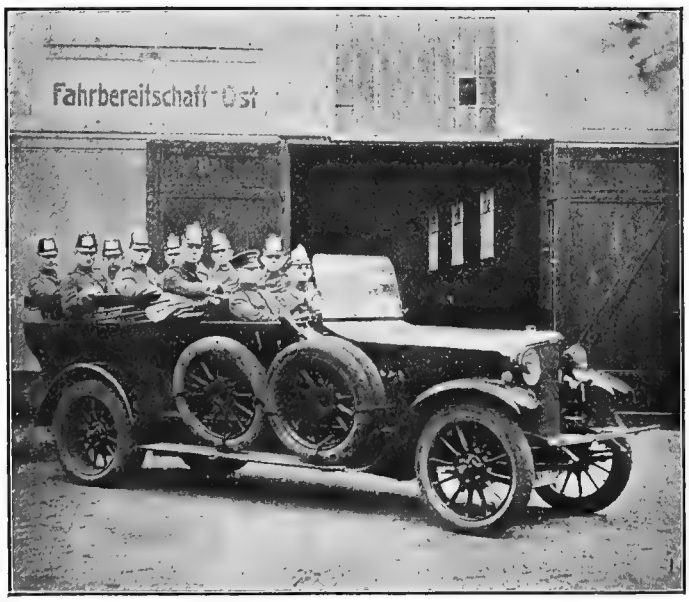
By Acting Captain JOHN A. GOLDEN *Bureau of Criminal Identification, New York*

Deputy Chief Inspector SAMUEL G. BELTON, *Former Inspector* WILLIAM T. DAVIS *and Lieutenant* F. C. KRUSE *of the Foreign Police Commission Collaborating*

THE Detective division of the Berlin police, so we of the New York force found, has had to face post-war problems more perplexing perhaps than those the detectives of any other nation have had to cope with. Furthermore we found that the Detective Division not only had "carried on" in the face of heavy odds but that it had won remarkable success in solving many particularly puzzling crimes. With characteristic German thoroughness it had maintained its organization and had made excellent use of its special weapon for the solution of murder mysteries. That is the "Murder Commission," which is exclusive to Berlin's police.

The murder mysteries referred to have been the direct result in many cases of the poverty and distress resulting from Germany's handling of her post-war and reparations problems. They have not been especially numerous and have been marked for the most part by low cupidity. In several cases whole strings of murders were committed for a few hundred marks each—with marks worth only fractions of a cent.

The recent German case in which a man killed a score of youths merely for the money he could obtain by selling their second-hand clothes, resembles the others of which we were told in Berlin. One man travelled about Germany killing his landladies in various cities. Another killed several dissolute women, probably on the theory that they would not be missed. In all of these cases the very efficient methods of the Berlin detectives resulted in arrests. What's even more remarkable is that they obtained confessions in every instance.



Automobile used by the Berlin police for riot service and surprise attacks.

The Detective Division has twenty sub-divisions each commanded by an Inspector and the whole is controlled by the highly successful Director Happe. A total of 2,000 members are divided, 1,200 among the city's twenty police districts, 560 among special squads and 240 assigned to various offices.

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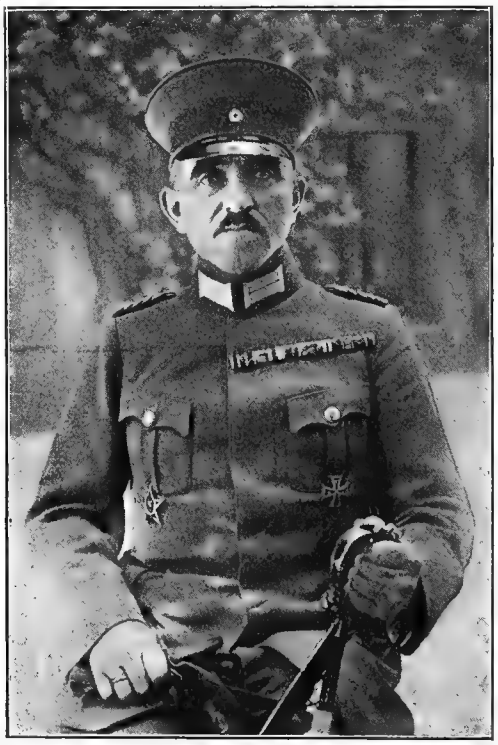
Assignments are more permanent than in most American cities, each of the seven to twelve precincts into which every district is divided having an average of six detectives who, unless new to the force, usually have been in it long enough to know all its peculiarities, and most of its inhabitants. The constant shifting about of men which is common in America, is carefully avoided in Berlin.

One reason for this, perhaps, may be the permanence of the Berlin population. Its habits differ from those of American city populations, especially that of New York City, where for many years a large proportion of the people shifted their living quarters every year. It is needless to say that this simplifies the whole police situation in Berlin and especially the work of the Detective Division.

In addition to these men, all of whom are available for what may be called outside work, each Berlin District Inspector has a staff of two "Kommissars" (a rank somewhat similar to that of the American Captain) and fifteen detectives.



Commander Kaupisch of the Berlin police force.

THUS Germany's greatest center of population is protected by a detective body organized with characteristic German thoroughness. In the Criminal Investigation Service are four further divisions. One has to do with military goods, diamonds, jewelry, the post-war problem of money-exportation, stolen goods (thirty men are assigned to this specialty), the problems of probation and parole and necessary espionage over known professional criminals.

The next group specializes in the study of work and personalities of burglars, pickpockets, highway robbers, hotel sneaks, automobile thieves and international crooks. To this squad is also especially entrusted the whole problem of counterfeiting. It comprises 150 members.

Frauds, swindlers, confidence-workers and offenders against the white slave and narcotic laws engage the particular attention of the next group of detectives.

The final group specializes in commercial frauds, bankruptcy, corporation cases of all sorts, copyright violations, forgeries, and matters especially connected with stocks, bonds and other securities and handles postoffice and railway frauds.

NO informed police expert in Europe will fail to speak with admiration of these detectives of Berlin and all are watching with considerable special interest the operation of a further body which, because of the special nature of its work, may be referred to as the Vice Squad. The problems which confront this group of Berlin detectives have been peculiarly acute in Europe and perhaps especially in Germany since the ending of the war.

The two hundred detectives who comprise this able body of men, are not under the direct control of the head of the Criminal Police but are commanded by a Kommissar who reports directly to the office of the Police President. This body, considered collectively, is called the "Sitten Polizei" and is charged with the especial task of protecting the community's morals. There is a registration system but it is only fifty per cent effective.

Since the war violent crime has increased in German cities, and perhaps especially in Berlin, as it has elsewhere in Europe. But the existence of a special "Murder Commission" as a branch of the Berlin Police has been, for long an effective part of the detective machinery. This murder commission is planned differently from anything of the sort which we travelling Americans encountered elsewhere. It has ten members specifically and constantly charged to be ready for the next murder case reported, the duty of each man being laid out in advance. Such a group, appointed instantly when a new crime has called into service an existing "commission," will wait in readiness until the appearance of a new murder case shall sweep it into concentrated activity. Once assigned to a case such a detective group will remain intact until the solution of the crime or the closing of the case for other reasons.

It must not be thought that these specially assigned men await in idleness the commission of a murder. This liability to special service in case of murder does not affect their performance of the regular detective routine.

Ten skilled detectives constitute a murder squad and include two Kommissars, one fingerprint expert, one photographer, one doctor of medicine, one man with a dog, and four men skilled in general detective work. Immediately a homicide is reported the existing group gets at the work of its solution, while a new "Murder Commission" is appointed to be ready for the next case. It is the plan that all men qualified as skilled detectives shall serve from time to time in this especial work.

It may be added that very creditable performance may be expected from these German Murder Commissions. They have had unusual crimes to handle and they have handled them unusually well.

GENERAL detective supervision of the population, permanent and transient, is the particular duty of a squad of one hundred men selected because of quite obvious special abilities. They visit hotels, railway stations and other places of public gathering with eyes continually open for professional criminals.

Another of their tasks is the very close supervision which is kept by the German police over ex-convicts. Men with prison records are their particular charge and this close supervision has an admirable effect in keeping down crime. Persons released upon probation are in their province also. When arrests are made, theirs is the duty of checking up the identity of the arrested persons and they collect the histories of all who have been charged with or convicted of crime.

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They are put upon patrol in the center of Berlin and its special sections of night activity and are used in raids and roundups. They enforce the midnight closing law when necessary and generally supervise gay restaurants and other places of the sort. Horseracing, gambling and gangsters are among the other specialties of this busy body of men and since the war they have been assigned to the control of that evil so generally prevalent, profiteering.

I HAVE listed, I think, all the special activities of the detective division, which is officially known as the "Criminal Polizei." Promotion of a Detective is virtually impossible because the next rank is that of Kommissar, and the Kommissars are not taken from the ranks, but are appointed from among university graduates, or members of the more highly educated professions, as lawyers and medical doctors.

Above the rank of Detective the officials of the Criminal Police in ascending order are the Kommissar, Ober-Kommissar, Inspecktors, an Assistant Director, the Director and the Regierungsrat, or Government Counsellor. These superior officers are selected from outside the force because of special fitness proved at examinations.

The members of the Berlin Criminal Police are not overworked, but their lives are sternly methodical, of course. The full quota of precinct detectives must report at their various stations at eight in the morning of every day, including Sunday, one-third of the force, which has been on duty since ten o'clock of the previous night, being then ready for release. The hours between eight in the morning and ten at night are methodically divided among the men or the remaining two-thirds of the force. In some precincts where there are especial requirements the day force alternates in station-house reserve duty and outside detective work.

An interesting detail of the present police situation in Berlin is that in accordance with the terms of the World War Armistice only one police officer in three is permitted to carry firearms.

The duties of the members of the Berlin Detective, or so-called Criminal Police, are as rigidly fixed as their hours. The precinct and district detectives handle only ordinary cases except where there seems especial need of a summary arrest. Notable cases and those which remain unsolved automatically are referred to the small group of specialists permanently connected with Headquarters.

By no means all the detectives of the Berlin force ever have pounded pavements, to use the expressive term current in America. Half of the Berlin Criminal police are recruited from entirely outside the force and applications for appointment may be made at any time. Once a year (or oftener if necessary) those who have made such applications are summoned for examination, but this is never done until after minute investigation has proved them to be of good character and record. Applicants to be considered must be between the ages of 24 and 32, with the special provision that men who apply from the ranks of the uniformed police may be as old as thirty-five.

The Director of the Criminal Police, or Detective Division, has authority to select candidates and place them on probationary duty for a year, during which period they must attend training school for at least three hours each week. Examinations are held at the end of this probationary year and failure to qualify in them assures the permanent dropping of a candidate.

One of the most definite characteristics of the mental test which seal the fate of candidates is quick thinking. The slow-witted, therefore, have no chance of finding places among Berlin's detectives.

Tenure of office of a man once appointed and retained in the work for ten years, is solidly assured until retirement is caused by age or illness. Only the Police President can remove a detective and such action even on the part of this high official must be confirmed by the action of a special police court. Punishments among the detectives of Berlin are very drastic when they are required, but they are not often necessary.

THE training of detectives is careful and severe. A probationary man attends class for three hours each week, taking a course of instruction similar to that given to uniformed police, plus, of course, special courses in the duties of detectives and the identification system. At the detective schools lectures are delivered by legal experts, medical men and police specialists.

A novel method of instruction has been successfully tried out in Berlin, producing extraordinarily good results. This consists of the exhibition of a large number of especially prepared motion-pictures illustrating the correct and the incorrect ways of performing duty in those circumstances which most frequently arise.

These film subjects are divided into groups after this fashion:

Improper patrol—idle conversation, twirling mustaches, ignoring street fights.

Correct patrol—alert behavior, clearing traffic

AN amusing adventure in Berlin followed a call I received from the detective division to come down and pass on the genuineness of a United States bill of which the department was suspicious. It turned out to be a bill for $250 which, of course, does not exist in United States currency.

Furthermore it was a very obvious combination of several features of American bills. Even the Germans, entirely unfamiliar with our currency, were suspicious of it and I immediately pronounced it a counterfeit.

This bill represented, at the time we were in Germany, a number of marks that it is absolutely impossible for an American to compute without using an adding machine, since the exchange at that time was sixty-seven billions to the dollar. When we had reached Berlin ten days before, the exchange had been only four billions to the dollar. A short time afterward, having gone to Copenhagen and returned into Germany, we found the exchange was 330 billions to the dollar. What $250 would have been in marks at this rate is a matter for a college mathematician. We found the United States $1 bill the very best thing to possess in Germany when there were lines before the stores that sold common foods and two persons were allowed but one loaf of bread a week. Our hotel bills, even at the fashionable Adlon, had to be paid daily.

Another experience we had was in accompanying a captain of police, who shall not be named here, to obtain his weekly pay. He received an armful of paper currency, but on reckoning it up found that it amounted to $2.50 in American money. On this sum he was expected to live with his wife in fair style, and buy uniforms, swords and equipment for the position of a mounted officer. The thing was impossible but the incident illustrates the difficulties under which the Berlin police carried on during the time the mark was falling. They must have possessed an unusual devotion to the service to have continued their work under such conditions.

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Fingerprint bureau of the Berlin Police Deparment showing experts at work. The curved block on the fingerprint table, at left, is used for taking whole palm-prints of criminals.

when it is congested; examining wheels of wagons to see that they are tied when standing; escorting blind persons across streets; proper salute to superior officers.

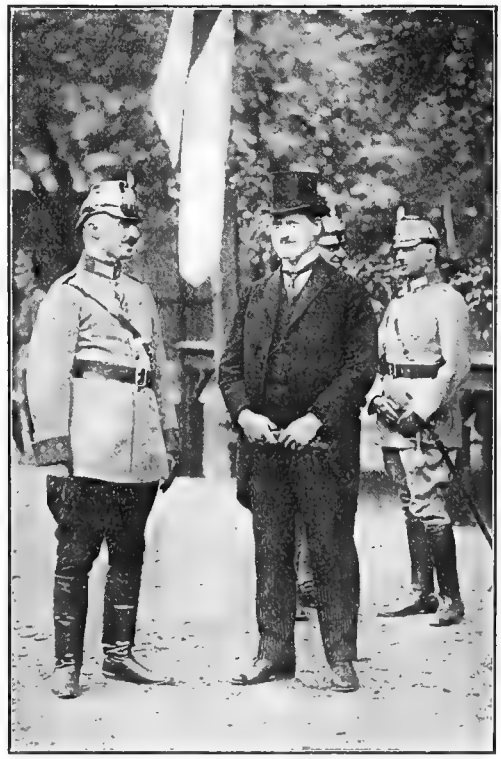
In a similar way the films show the correct and incorrect way of arresting and escorting prisoners; the correct and incorrect way of searching prisoners; incorrect actions at a scene of a burglary such as careless handling of articles and destruction of fingerprint evidence and correct behavior at the same point with every precaution taken to preserve evidence.

Efficient and inefficient work at the scene of an automobile accident are also shown. How to apply first aid in gas poisoning cases; subjection of refractory prisoners by jiujitsu and other methods and the use of police dogs and the handling of crowds with mounted and foot men are other films.

There are also stereopticon slides showing traffic diagrams and maps of correct methods of handling crowds, together with pictures of barbed wire entanglements prepared for riot use and also of an emergency wagon that is occasionally used as temporary headquarters in riots. This wagon is equipped with cells, and has a table, flags, lanterns and rifles.

AS in the case with other members of detective forces the men who serve Berlin as protectors of the public against crime and who solve the mysteries created for their puzzlement by the criminal mind, frequently are in danger of their lives. Criminals in Germany, as in America, frequently are desperate and always regard detectives as their natural enemies, meriting nothing but destruction.

When Berlin detectives are known to be in special danger they are obligated to protect themselves by wearing bullet-proof vests. Six of these are kept at the main office of the Detective Division and these are allotted, when there is time, to men going out on duty known to be dangerous, as for the arrest of criminals known to be habitually armed or the suppression of riots in which firearms are likely to be used.



Police President Hon. Wilhelm Richter (in civilian clothes), head of the Berlin force.

A USEFUL adjunct of the Berlin Detective Police, and, indeed, the whole police system, is a ticker system somewhat similar to that established in New York for the distribution of financial and other news. An instrument is established in each precinct and district office. This machine, however, writes in lines on wide endless rolls of paper, rather than lengthwise on a mere tape. Each line contains about eight words and the messages are far more easily read than those written on a tape. Through his machine each precinct automatically receives from headquarters alarms of all sorts, notification of missing persons and lost children, descriptions of escaped and wanted people, general orders, price lists used to prevent profiteering and other information.

This police information distribution system is a great time saver as it eliminates the necessity for keeping telephone blotters. It de-

(*Continued on page* 69)

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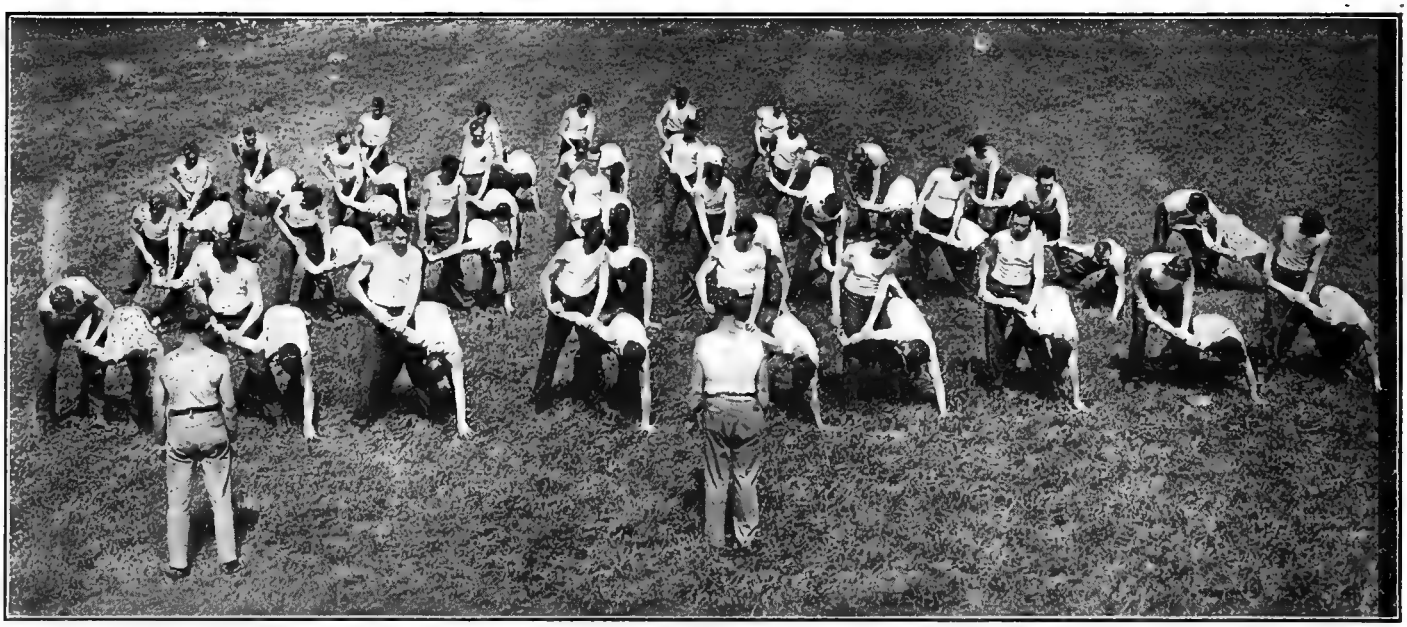

Practising jiu-jitsu at the Police Camp. Here is shown the inside waist-and-strangle hold; completion of the movement designed to frustrate the old-time "garrote" attack.

The Policeman in the Making

An Inside View of the Machinery which Converts the Recruit Into the Highly Efficient Cop as We Know Him

By BARRY JAMES

"To make a cop? Simplest recipe in the world!" cynically grinned a middle-aged New Yorker, in reply to a recent question. "Take a boy, a billy and a badge. Mix 'em properly with political pull. Result—one policeman, pounding our pavements."

Probably this gentleman enjoyed making this alliterative statement, and he certainly believes it. This is not astonishing; it was literally true, not only of New York but of pretty much every important city in the Union, say, twenty-five years ago.

It now is true of very few cities, of New York least of all, but the alliterative gentleman and his like have not as yet grasped this fact. The changes that have taken place are revolutionary though at at all spectacular. They aren't the result of any frenzied reform-wave. They are matters of growth, from very small beginnings like most other healthy growths, and they originated largely within the Department itself.

Still, even in those bad, old days of the New York Police Department the personal courage of its members averaged so nearly 100 per cent net that it wasn't worth while to try and figure out the difference, and many of those political appointees were excellent police material. But they had been pitchforked into a trade which is, or at least which should be, as highly specialized as that of a doctor or lawyer. Their only ways of learning even the rudiments of their calling was in the slow, costly school of experience or by unguided individual endeavor.

The obstreperous prisoner never understands just how his hands could be grabbed from behind, but knows that the sidewalk flies up and hits him.

"When I came on the force," chuckled a veteran inspector, reminiscently, "I was sent out to walk my first beat with orders to 'enforce all ordinances'; but I wouldn't have known an ordinance if I met it in the street. So I asked my sergeant, 'how about it?'"

"'Ain't you a policeman, same as me?' he demanded. 'Then whaddya botherin' me about? G'wan and obey your orders, like the rest of us do!"

This particular "rookie" was persistent however, as is proved by his present rank. As soon as the city ordinances were printed, which was not for some time afterward, he bought a copy and began to study it, but even then he was cautioned by a friend not to do so where his immediate superiors could see him; they would think that he was trying to supplant them and "have it in for him" accordingly.

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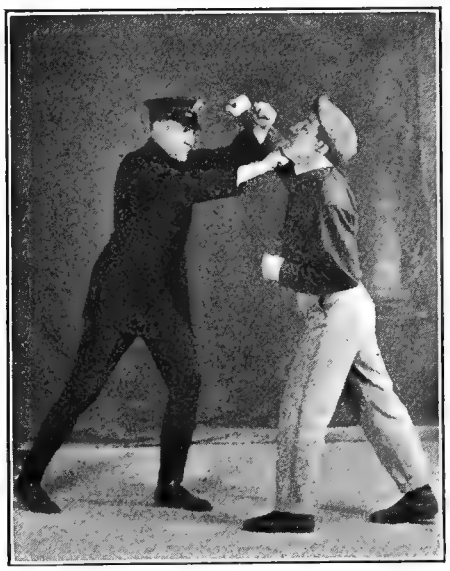
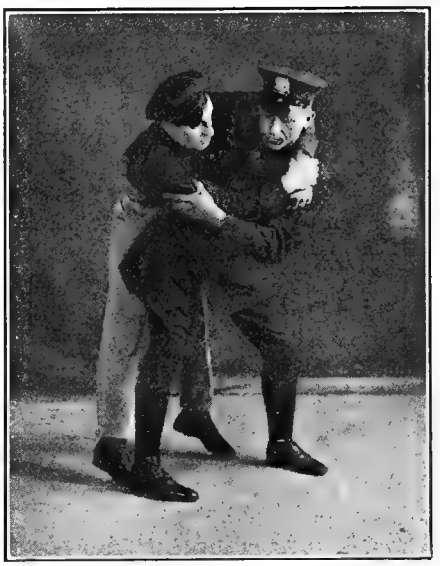
An opponent who grabs at a policeman's knees has his head impounded, is forced downward and flung on his neck.



A straight right to the chin is as effective as a blow with a nightstick on the dome of the policeman's assailant.



When a policeman is tackled from behind, the fighting crook is caught in a hip-lock with worse things coming to him.

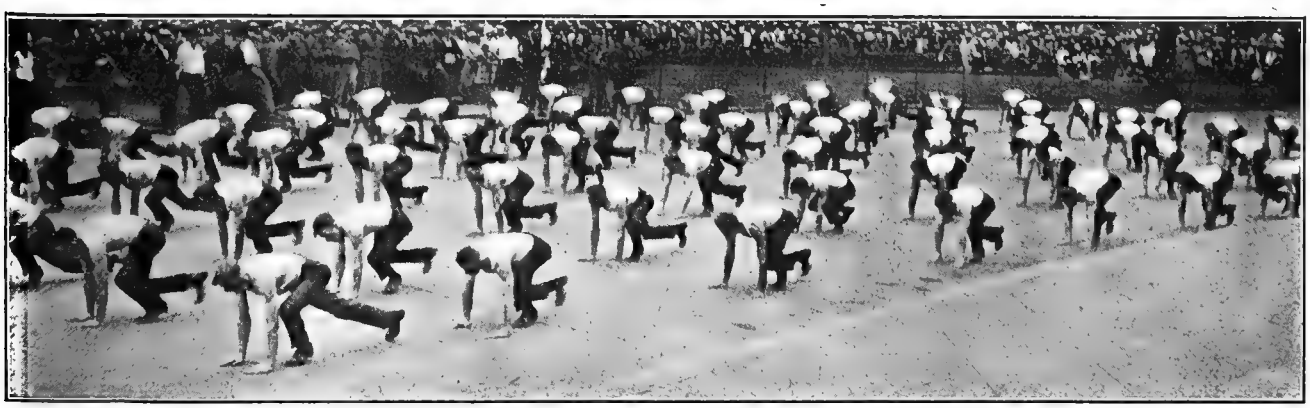
Eventually he and his kind did supplant them and theirs, which was as it should be. Policemen who knew what their duties and authority were, naturally made fewer humiliating and costly mistakes than those who remained in ignorance. A policeman whose athletic interest was confined to the sporting pages of newspapers, who was flabby of muscle and unused to physical encounter, was apt to make mistakes more costly still by resorts to night-stick or gun when the weapons furnished by nature should have sufficed. These facts began to be recognized, and this recognition is the germ from which our present fine system grew.

The changes were long in coming, however. Sporadic attempts to instruct new policemen were made from time to time, but without much real effect. Appointments were placed under Civil Service regulations, which afterward became much more of a help than it was at that time. Theodore Roosevelt, as Police Commissioner, was fully alive to the necessity for specialized instruction for recruits, but when his term of office ended, efforts to give that instruction became dormant once more, not to reawaken and take definite form until 1913.

This demonstrates the beginning of the inside waist-and-strangle hold, further shown completed in the illustration at the top of the opposite page.

It was from that year that the new era of our police force really is to be reckoned. For some time there had been a gradual weeding-out of the personnel, by retirement or otherwise, with a view to raising its standards. But the Police School then established by Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo, was designed with a double mission in view; the proper development of desirable material and elimination of undesirables at the time when they should be eliminated—that is, as early as possible, and preferably before they begin.

Though comparatively crude in its original form, the school functioned well from the start, infusing new life and helping enormously to infuse new standards into the Department. It



A calesthenic class going through the U. S. Army setting-up exercises, commonly called "monkey drill." These exercises play a prominent part in the physical education of our police recruits.

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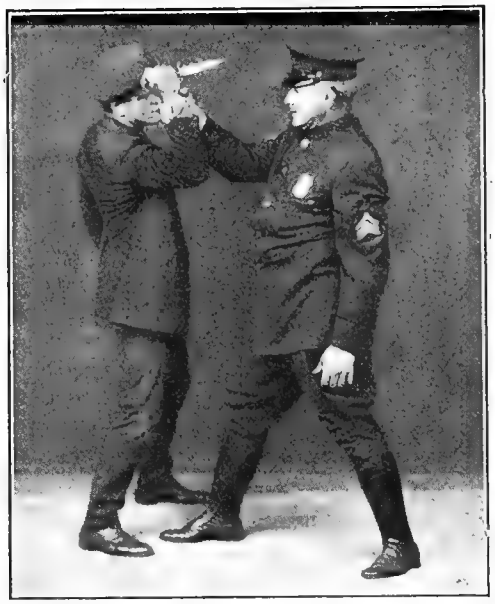
grew and developed with the years faster or more slowly in proportion to the realization of its importance by successive commissioners. Several men of vision and of some experience along approximately parallel lines, did much to aid this school. Richard E. Enright, the present commissioner, has done and is still doing far more.

This is no more than natural. Commissioner Enright also is a man of vision and experience, but his experience has been gained in the police force itself. Every phase of its work and all its needs to him are matters of first-hand knowledge. Never will be succeed in making that school quite all that he wants it to be; the attainment of perfection is beyond mortal power. But he has done more than any other one man to make it what it is.



After the officer catches his assailant's wrist, he dislocates the latter's thumb which compels him to drop his weapon.

The average citizen will best understand the part played by this school for police recruits by the statement that it exactly corresponds to other technical schools which qualify young men to enter various professions—West Point or Annapolis, for example; Columbia Law School or Stevens Institute. Of course, in many respects it differs widely from all of them, but no more so than they do from each other, for each is suited to the needs of the profession it serves.

Everyone knows that a student can enroll himself in none of those institutions without an extended "prep-school" course, or the equivalent of such a course, that will enable him to pass the entrance examinations. Entrance examinations for the Police School are set by the Civil Service Board. But not by any manner of means does this signify that the questions are confined to the well-known "three r's," with a little elementary geography and United States history. Nothing at all like that; "them days is gone forever!" The examinations now require as careful and highly specialized a preparation as do those of other institutions of technical learning. A high-school education is of very little help in passing them; a university degree, for that matter, isn't much more useful. No one course in either high-school or college teaches the required combination of subjects.

Adequate prep-schools, however, are by no means lacking. One of them, notable because it prepares for promotion as well as entrance examinations, may well serve for an example of the beter institutions of this sort.

Located in one of the lower numbered streets, it occupies a large building designed and built expressly for the use to which it is devoted. Its plant differs from those of most other schools, principally in the size of the class rooms and the prominence of its great gymnasium, for the physical plays a most important part in the curriculum of these schools. The applicant for a policeman's job is supposed to lift a sixty-pound dumbbell above his head, for example, and to do it properly, gradually and without jerking. The muscles of his abdomen, forearm, upper arm, chest, shoulders, back, thighs and lower legs are likewise subjected to tests. He must, if possible, make a high jump of four feet, six inches. All these things have to be taught to practically every candidate.

Not all young fellows can learn these things; many should not be allowed to attempt them. The school has no wish to waste the time and money of one who would be rejected by the police medical examiners. Still less does it desire to risk its precious, hard-earned reputation of having its students make good in practically every case. Therefore in the very beginning it gives them a physical examination as severe, or a trifle more so, than the one which they will afterward have to

Instructing "rookies" how to induce artificial respiration and restore those apparently drowned or suffocated. Filling the lungs by raising the subject's arms and pressing his ribs.

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pass. This done, their instruction begins immediately.

This instruction is mostly in the gymnasium at first, but afterward the mental classes are interpolated with great and greater frequency, with trial examinations in order to detect and remedy individual weaknesses as the official tests draw near.

This instruction has, of course, to be paid for by the candidate or his friends, and for that reason his classes are arranged so as to interfere as little as possible with his other work. The course may last for six months or he may be able to attain his end in less time; but in either case he has the great satisfaction of practical certainty that his name will duly appear on the official eligible list.

In the old days, when the conditions mentioned by that alliterative gentleman maintained their sway, and even for a time after that sway was somewhat weakened, the eligible list was either non-existent, or selection from the names that appeared there were made as evidences of political favor. To pursue this course in present conditions is impossible.

The physical examinations are made by doctors who are interested only in the bodies of those who come before them, and neither know nor care anything whatever about the families or faiths, religious or political, to which the owners of those bodies belong. In the written examinations they are known by numbers that are not identified with their names until after the papers are graded. These names are then placed upon the eligible list in the order of those grades, and the selections made in the same order.

This is what finally happens to the man who is so careless as to be caught in a hip-lock.

Having been passed and selected, the rookie takes an oath of office, is given a badge and required to provide himself with a regulation pistol. His pay begins from that day.

At first blush this might seem to be wholly at variance with the practice of other technical schools—as though Stevens Institute, say, should begin by conferring the Mechanical Engineer's degree on freshmen and then proceeding to teach them the rudiments of their profession; but this is not so in fact. The custom is almost exactly parallel to that of West Point, where the cadets are given a definite rank and pay while their instruction is in progress.

The recruit now has gained a definite footing in the department; but as yet it may not be so very secure a footing. He, like the West Point cadet or the college student, can be dropped from the rolls for any one of various reasons but, except for the rather remote possibility of a physical breakdown, his fate is in his own hands.

When "boning" for his entrance examinations—the Civil Service, in this case—he has had to work hard, but that work is a mere nothing compared to what he now will have to do if he is to get by. The faculty, there to make sure that he does do it, is like the faculty of any good technical school in that it was chosen solely because of its eminent fitness for its job as can readily be seen.

Capt. CHARLES E. SCHOFIELD,
Commandant

Acting Sergeant CHARLES H. STOFFERS,
Adjutant

Mental Instructors

Lieut. James B. Nestor
Lieut. Patrick J. Joyce
Lieut. William J. Flynn
Lieut. Louis F. Costuma

Physical Instructors

Sergt. Thomas M. Shaw
Sergt. Arthur W. Wallander
Act. Sgt. Isidor Cantor
Act. Sgt. Wm. B. Spingler
Act. Sgt. Julius F. Brewer
Act. Sgt. Charles H. Wash

Clerk

Patrolman Rudolph Peters

It will be noticed that the "chairs" of the various faculty members are not specified in the above list. There is a reason for this omission, but it is not because the members do not each have a specialty of their own. That is very far indeed from being the fact.

As the above list shows, the instructors of mental subjects number four only. Below is given a partial list of the subjects taught:

Deportment
Patrol
Homicide
Larceny and Robbery
Burglary
Children
Court Procedure
Reports
Election Law
Malicious Mischief
Public Morals
Sabbath Law
Observation
Crime Classification
Arrests
Traffic
Animals
Fires and Accidents
Ordinances
Disorderly Conduct, etc.
Felonies and Misdemeanors
Assault and Dangerous Weapons

To these has been added by Commissioner Enright instruction in detective work, which has lengthened the school term by one month.

Then, take any of the above subjects at random. "Burglary," for example. The recruit must be taught exactly what constitutes burglary under the New York State law. There are three degrees of this crime, and he must be able to distinguish one from another. He

(*Continued on page* 66)

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EDITORIALS

Is the Prison Honor System a Failure?

NEWS reports are to the effect that the wide open Great Meadows, N. Y., "honor prison" is a failure and is to be walled in. It will be recalled that this penal institution was the culmination of the effort of the prison reformers to demonstrate on a practical scale that the older penology was fundamentally wrong, and that all criminals would respond to the honor system.

Whether or no the Great Meadows experiment must be set down as a failure, or merely classed as chronologically inopportune, depends to some extent on the point of view. The honor system in prison work is not a failure; neither, by the same token, is it one hundred per cent successful. Since this earth is not yet for various reasons peopled by a race of angels it is unlikely that any system of reform or education—and in many respects the terms may be synonymous—will prove entirely effective. Fundamental defects of character are present in a proportion of human beings. Sometimes these—even when congenital—may be improved if not entirely removed, and it is a foregone conclusion that prison work deals almost entirely with men and women suffering from voluntary or involuntary defects of character; in other words, with subnormal human beings. It is upon that basis that communities have been forced to organize repressive laws and repressive action as exemplified by the penal code and the policeman.

It has become the fashion for the pacifist and the last ditch peace proponent to decry force as a means to peace, but largely they fail to observe that they are themselves appealing to force by the very violence of their propaganda. The Pollyana school insists that the majority of mankind will behave properly if trusted to do so, but they are discussing a type of mundane heaven which is largely based on wish in place of fact. What the withdrawal of a police may mean is not too far back in Boston's municipal history to carry a useful lesson.

Probably the difficulty at Great Meadows has been that the institution has been used as a grade school rather than a post graduate academy. Most reform movements consider human kind in the mass and act accordingly, whence many failures. No system of education can possibly work on such a premise. There are men and women entirely lacking in moral perception. To appeal to the moral character of such persons is to invite defeat just as inevitably as to expect good football from a legless man. Selection of candidates for the honor system, whether conducted inside or outside stone walls is a prerequisite for reasonable success. Obviously the function of any penal institution is twofold; to protect the rest of mankind from the paranoiac or unsafe or dangerous person, and to rehabilitate the wrong-doer and return him to a useful industrial and social life. Into which classification a prisoner may fall is not a matter of decision but of demonstration.

The policeman is far too valuable a factor in human affairs to risk the impairment of his usefulness. Because he is unquestionably subject to the imperfections of the rest of us, his morale needs sustaining and his work requires consideration. His experience has generously shown him that while some prisoners may be amenable to the moral suasion of uniform and shield, many others require a more positive form of treatment. To attempt to throw the mantle of trustworthiness over the entire criminal class is tantamount to informing him that all lawbreakers have been mishandled, which will probably cause him to wonder whether consistency is a jewel or merely a myth.

Human character is capable of reformation without doubt, but the wise penologist, professional or amateur, begins his work with mental soil that indicates some hope for a crop. If liberty is to be regarded as merely an opportunity for more license, then liberty must be curtailed. In any event human nature achieves its advances gradually, and improvement of any sort is seldom a feat, but more generally a somewhat slow and not infrequently painful process. To jump at once from the steel cell to the open bedroom with a window giving upon an adjacent outhouse may require some preparation.

Whether Great Meadows is to be entirely returned to the penal standards of stone walls and barred windows may be a question, but surely it should not be so abandoned without careful consideration by the Prison Commission of New York State of the human possibilities and necessities of prisoners.

A School for the Study of Fingerprints

THE very practical benefits that accrue from police co-operation in the International Police Conference are well illustrated in the Fingerprint School which the New York Department is now holding for the instruction of fingerprint specialists from other police forces.

Having sent Captain Golden, chief of the Criminal Identification Bureau, through Europe to gather data about improvements in finger-printing work that have been achieved by the foreign police forces, Commissioner Enright is now sharing this information with all other departments that care to utilize it.

"What benefits police work in general is a benefit to the New York Department," is the principle behind this instruction.

How much the school is appreciated is shown by the wide acceptance of New York's invitation. Men from many cities are taking advantage of this opportunity to bring themselves up-to-date on criminal identification. For many of them the instruction about distant identification and one-fingerprint systems will be highly valuable, if not novel.

It is by such services as these between departments that great essential of American police work, co-operation, is advanced. The coming meeting of the International Police Conference will undoubtedly further cement the friendly relations among American departments and serve to unite them in seeking much needed aid from federal and state legislators. Progress toward the accomplishment of two great aims—a National Police Bureau and abolition of the pistol—is to be expected as a result of that meeting.

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Often the policeman does a worthy deed not strictly in the line of duty

A drawing by C. R. MACAULEY *the noted cartoonist*

Mawkish Sentimentality and the Law-Breaker

WE are a sentimental people and too often the clamor of our heart-throbs muffles the saner thought-beats of our brain. Sentiment is a beautiful, sometimes a sacred attribute of character, but mere sentimentality is the symbol of moral and intellectual weakness. More especially is this true when evidenced in the masculine mind.

Perhaps the most common manifestation of insipid sentimentality is found in the expression, verbal or printed, of a certain type of person when some notorious law-breaker appears on the scene and meets his just deserts. It would seem, at times, that the greater the offence committed against society the greater the outcry of maudlin sentimentalists. The murderer has many times been regarded by this hysterical type more as a hero than as a civic menace. There are those today who would abolish our prisons, or, failing that, would convert them into establishments of ease or even joyous entertainment. To segregate the evil-doers caught in the commission of their evils is abhorent to these silly, if sometimes well-intentioned folk. It is strange how some men and women will give themselves over to sheer stupidity where the emotions alone are involved.

There is neither sense nor logic in pampering criminals. The individual who wilfully breaks the code established for the common good must pay the price provided for his transgression as formulated by the wise men who conceived that code. The perpetrator of a brutal and revolting crime should certainly not be the recipient of love-letters and bon bons. The emotional outcry of persons and the press against the proper punishment of those lawfully imprisoned is an absurdity, appalling in its implication of cerebral blindness. The individual responsibility of the law-breaker is seldom taken into consideration by these tearful objectors to justice. The morally deficient, the congenitally perverse, the tough and accustomed criminal can never be, in any reasonable degree, true objects for vindication and the aim of silly men and women to ease their lot in prison would be laughable were not the efforts made in this direction so earnest and widespread. Prisons are built primarily for punishment, and crime is something meriting punishment with every degree of hardship laid down by the law.

As our population grows it is inevitable that transgressions of the law by individuals should increase. To some extent frail humanity dominated by its passions, can be guided into paths of rectitude by those assigned to the ministration of righteousness. But all said and done, the one great corrective of criminal tendencies is fear of punishment. If that punishment is not forthcoming and of drastic character, if the evil-doer is to be coddled and wept over, law and order might as well be banished once and for all from the scheme of civilization.

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BASEBALL TEAM, 1924, OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT, CITY OF NEW YORK.

Top Row (left to right) Sergeant Martin J. Brown, Assistant Manager; O'Neill, pitcher; Mitchell, pitcher; Tieney, outfield; Gory, 2nd base; Inspector-General Chas. H. McKinney; Benesch, 1st base; Martini, pitcher; Froelich, catcher; Mullens, pitcher. Second Row (left to right) Sheehy, outfield; Fennelly, 2nd base; Weiler, shortstop; Kraemer, pitcher; McLaughlin, outfield; Regan, pitcher. Bottom Row (left to right) Schumann, 3rd base; Voelpel, pitcher; Meuchner, catcher; Jack McManus, mascot; Rheinhardt, 3rd base; Lustbader, outfield; Fogarty, catcher; Vaughn, catcher.

Officer Sheeby Gets Home Run In Big Police Game

NEW YORK'S finest tallied one point more than Philadelphia's police team in a battle at Yankee Stadium September the 20th, which proved the supremacy of the New York cop over his Philadelphia brother in wielding a stick. Nightstick practice was employed in superlative degree, but the Finest gathered fourteen hits against Philadelphia's ten. The score was 9 to 8.

Officer Sheeby was the big bambino with the stick. He whanged-out a home-run and a single, while Commissioner Enright beamed upon his athletic cops, with Mayor Hylan enjoying the proud distinction of victor at his side. Superintendent Thomas Miller of the Philadelphia police also watched the game from the official box.

If Job Had Been a Traffic Officer

A BUSY traffic officer resembles nothing so much as a small boy in a nest of hornets. He has about the same chance to get stung. The main difference is that the stinger in his case weighs anywhere from one to thirty-five tons and is capable of putting him in the cemetery or the hospital with one sting. If I were a traffic officer, I'd want to be a hundred feet underground and guide traffic with a periscope. I suppose these men were originally safety devices. If so, that object has long ago become of secondary interest. It is their main job now to move the traffic. They are a piece of the highway operating mechanism.

Stand on the corner during a busy hour and watch him work. It will make you dizzy just to look on. Two long strings of swiftly moving vehicles, four street cars turning four different corners, four streams of pedestrians who pay exactly the least attention possible to him, impatient vehicles with horns screeching in every key from high C flat to low G sharp, nine autos making left-hand turns and surrounding him like the hungry pack around a newly elected president, while a young man demands instant information about how to go to 407½ East Condit street, how far is it and does he know John Chicozywolinski. A traffic officer has about as much chance to breathe as a chicken under water and like a whale, he has to come up every hour for air.

If Job, says the South Bend *Tribune*, had been a traffic officer he would have thought no more of his boils than an elephant does of the hives. When it comes to patience, a good traffic officer is so far ahead of him that Job and his boils couldn't even see his tail-light.

There are a lot of ways in which we can add to the pleasures of his job. If he raises his voice above the well-modulated tone of polite society when you run against his "Stop" signal, tell your friends what a discourteous police force we have. If he doesn't give you a quick "Go" signal when he knows you are a friend of a street sweeper's assistant's cousin, complain to the mayor.

And you, capable officer on a hard job, remember that not one out of every hundred offenders is a willful offender and that so long as you are efficient, even-tempered and decently courteous in the face of trying conditions, the good people of this city are ready to forgive and forget your honest mistakes and are with you. And the good people of this and every other city are always a good, comfortable majority of the whole.

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Cops the World Around

(*Continued from page 8*)

crews cut passengers' throats and drop 'em overboard," explained the water-tender, as we put out from shore, "but they won't try it with him on the job. It was only the other night when that little cuss took four harbor pirates single-handed, and any one of 'em would 'a made two of him. He tied 'em into knots with jewey-jitsoo, by golly! They're in the hospital now. You and me ain't got a chance in the world with a banzai cop, once he gets a grip on us," he added meditatively. "The only thing for us to do is stand off an' slug."

I have no doubt that his advice was good, but rejoice in the fact that I never have had occasion to test it. What impressed me was the fact that this Jap policeman's act at bottom was very similar to a common one of our own police when one of them takes note of a stranger in the town and hails for him a night-hawk taxi with a few well-chosen words of admonition to the driver thereof.

WHEN once a policeman in Lima, Peru, left his post in order to pilot me to a shop that I sought, his act differed in degree only from that of a North American cop who might walk to the corner in order to direct a visiting Peruvian on his way. The South American went farther than our own man would be allowed to do, exactly as all good Peruvian manners are more elaborate than ours; nothing more. They are no mollycoddles—those Peruvian cops. Anyone who knows of the many instances in which they were transformed instantly and automatically from peaceful patrolmen to soldiers taking part in a forlorn hope, will cheerfully vouch for that.

But then, real cowards are rare, hence the black disgrace of cowardice. Bravery is simply a state of mind, and therefore practically all trained men will fight if the fighting is in line with their training. I won't soon forget certain cases that illustrate this latter statement.

THEY happened in Pangasinan, P. I., a province of thirty-seven municipalities and about 350,000 inhabitants of which I had charge as Supervisor. I happened to be in Dagupan, our largest town and one terminus of the only railway of which the Philippines then could boast, when word came of a raid of tulisanes—a species of organized bandits—some miles away on the road to Calasiao.

The news, I recall, found the Provincial Sheriff—an American—and myself at a farewell party given by some army surgeons about to return to the United States. We mounted at once and rode to the barracks of the Constabulary. I had no direct authority over them; and anyway we were informed that their officer in command, with all available men, already was chasing those bandits. The Dagupan municipal police were not mounted, and would therefore be of little use to us; and besides, were likely to be needed at home, especially if they were elsewhere.

So the sheriff and I jogged forth alone, intending to meet the Constabulary. We went slowly, for the night was hot, and American horses tire only too soon in that climate. The miles passed behind us, the big, reddish moon was nearly setting, there was a smell of dawn in the air, and we had about concluded that the alarm was a false one, when suddenly the night crackled with rifle fire.

The firing came from a line about a hundred yards to our right, abreast of our position, also diagonally before and behind it. The road at this place made a horseshoe curve around some marsh, and we were on the toe

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of that curve. To cross the marsh was impossible; to ride forward or back would be to pass through a quarter mile or more of enfilade fire; and though the shooting was unspeakably vile, one surely would be hit if fired at for a long enough time. So there seemed to be only one thing left for us to do, and we did it. "We formed ourselves into a squadron of cavalry"—to quote the Sheriff—"and charged."

In other words, we half-faced to the right, cocked our pistols and set our spurs. This wasn't at all the feat of daredevil bravery that it might seem to be; it was simple necessity—and anyway, our plight wasn't really so very desperate. We raced across the irregular checker-board of dry paddy-fields, our mounts taking the low dykes in their strides. Beyond was a higher dyke, its top fringed with young bamboo, from which the firing had come.

We flew that, and found—nothing! Not a soul was to be seen. Probably thinking that we had friends close at hand, and knowing that if they murdered the Supervisor and Sheriff they would be hunted down and killed like rats, the bandits had gone while the going was good.

The Sheriff and I had taken separate lines, about fifty yards apart. Now, laughing at the anti-climax of our grand charge, we had turned and were riding toward each other at a walk when my horse shied, actually squealing with terror. Sitting relaxed and unsuspecting, I was so nearly thrown that I managed to save myself only by grabbing his mane at the last instant.

This brought my face near to the ground—and I found myself gazing directly into another face—an awful face, belonging to a head that stood upright on what seemed to be its squarely-severed neck. Then, more horrible still, the eyes opened and rolled, while the lips twitched, slavering gruesomely.

Of course it took only an instant to realize approximately what had happened, but never in my life have I had a more soul-sickening jolt than the one that I received in that instant. The man had been buried alive, all but his head, in order that the ants might eat his eyes out when they sallied forth in search of food at dawn. It took far more than an instant to dig him loose, for the earth had been tamped and we had nothing to work with but splinters of bamboo.

He was a municipal policeman of Calasiao, he told us. He had attempted to arrest three of those tulisanes, not knowing that the rest of the gang was near. He was putting up a fight with his bolo when the gang jumped him and—we knew the rest.

Was he acquainted with those men—could he identify them? we asked; but he only smiled and said nothing, so we asked no more questions, for we knew they would be useless.

If an arrest came within the line of what he considered to be his official duty, he would make that arrest—would bring in his man if he could, even though that man were his friend, and he had to split that friend's head with a bolo—which is a sort of machete, adjusted to the meridian of the Philippines—in order to accomplish his mission. But this matter of his burial was a personal affair, and as such must be attended to by himself and his family connections. So there you were!

At first I, like most other American officials, did not understand this characteristic native attitude. Afterward I learned to know and trust it, taught largely by one of the ghastliest duties it ever has been my misfortune to perform.

This was the time when the Islands had been newly—and nominally—pacified. The Philippine Commission had retained all of the old Spanish laws until it found

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time to enact newer and—perhaps—more suitable ones. These laws required that all condemned criminals should be executed by the *garrote;* and the first execution by this method under the ruling of Uncle Sam was to take place in my province—in Lingayen, its capital.

The condemned man was one Mariano Ricafolt. There was a distinct spirit of unrest and antagonism when the date for his death was set. Nobody told me of this; a Filipino rarely or never would tell an American anything, other than lies, that he was not obliged to. I merely sensed it, as one does learn to sense such things. All arrangements, of course, devolved upon me; and in accordance with that Spanish law, the execution must be public. When I superintended the building of that scaffold on a bit of open ground between Government House and the *presidencia*—what we would call the City Hall—and saw the sullen crowds that came trooping into Lingayen from near and far, my mind misgave me.

Naturally one took precautions. All the police of Lingayen were on duty as reserves. In addition large drafts were ordered in from a dozen surrounding towns, armed with the bolos and single-barreled shotguns of their regular equipment. I was none too sure of them, however; if a rescue was attempted it would, after all, be attempted by their neighbors and relatives, with whom they doubtless were in full sympathy. But in this distrust I was wrong.

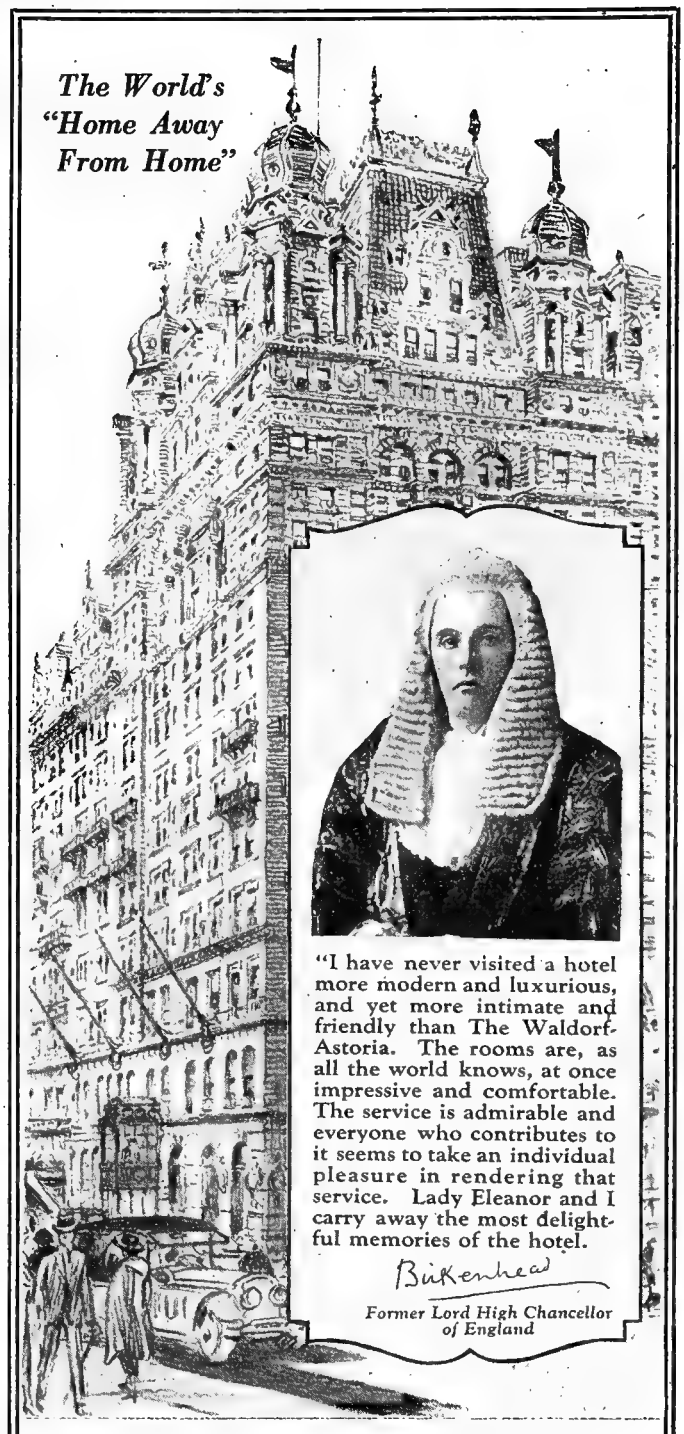
The day came. It was a Friday, as age-old custom decreed, because, according to tradition, that was the day of the Crucifixion. The ghastly, but really humane apparatus, which operates by squeezing the cervical vertebrae apart with one quick turn of a screw, was in as perfect condition as care could make it. After their arms were inspected by trusted subordinates of mine, I saw personally to posting the guard in double rank, surrounding the scaffold. Then I had done all that I could.

There was a roar when the cortege of death appeared, which sank to an ugly murmur when it drew up at the scaffold. As the intoning priests walked backward up the scaffold steps, and poor Mariano, who was lame, limped after them, his eyes upon the crucifix they held, the crowd dropped to its knees, some of them weeping. But the guard stood fast, as motionless and impassive as the bronze statues that its members resembled.

The service was finished and the screw was turned. Sitting on my horse, fully ten yards away, I distinctly heard the breaking of Mariano's neck. It was like a man snapping his fingers. But the affair was not over; for three hours the body had to remain exposed. Then, but not until then, the guard was dismissed.

It was not until long afterward that I learned how sorely that guard had been tried—how its sense of justice and its sense of duty had warred with each other. All along I had known that Mariano Ricafolt was a legacy from the Spaniards to us. Now I was told that he was innocent; that he never had been tried, that the crime of which he was accused never was committed, that the people he was said to have killed never existed. The convincingly official records purporting to be those of Mariano's trial and conviction was a "frame-up." Some unthinkable beast of a Spanish official who hated him had tried to play a horrible joke on him and upon Uncle Sam, and had succeeded quite admirably in fooling our courts into helping him.

Why weren't we told this in time to save Mariano's



"I have never visited a hotel more modern and luxurious, and yet more intimate and friendly than The Waldorf-Astoria. The rooms are, as all the world knows, at once impressive and comfortable. The service is admirable and everyone who contributes to it seems to take an individual pleasure in rendering that service. Lady Eleanor and I carry away the most delightful memories of the hotel.

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GUESTS at The Waldorf-Astoria are quick to note the atmosphere of friendliness—an earnest effort on the part of every member of the organization to anticipate the slightest wish of the visitor and fulfill it.

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life? Why didn't Mariano himself put up a "holler"? Heaven alone knows; that's the Filipino way of doing things. I still was searching my mind for some other answer to those questions when the kindly cop who had arrested me appeared to say that it was time to go to court.

So I went and told my simple tale. Whereupon Magistrate House, to whom I told it, scolded me for not having appealed to the Grievance Committee of the Bar Association—of which I never had heard until that moment—then imposed the smallest fine allowed by law and let me go.

Your Duty as a Citizen

(*Continued from page* 11)

close your home for the summer; also be sure to securely fasten all doors, windows and area gates.

"Don't leave valuables in the house when you go away for the summer. Thieves can enter any house if they have time enough.

"Don't neglect to try your door when you go out, to see if it is really locked. Snap-locks do not always work properly and you may leave your home an easy prey for a thief.

"Don't fail to have window fasteners of an improved type put on windows. Those that can be opened by a table knife are of no use. If possible have burglar alarms put on windows and doors.

"Don't fail to change your lock when keys have been lost or stolen.

"Don't leave your skylight or roof doors unfastened.

"Don't fail to install a door chain on the inside of outer doors. This is an excellent protection for the women folk.

"Don't allow money to accumulate in your cash drawer. Make deposits often.

"Don't let employees know the contents of your safe.

"Don't leave valuable merchandise in your window or show-case over night.

"Don't place articles of value in a basement storeroom.

"Don't leave home the same time daily, when going shopping.

"Don't carry your money or valuables in your hip pocket, or in pockets of your outer garments. Such pockets are the most accessible to the pickpocket.

"Don't forget to lock your safe; don't leave the combination number in your desk drawer, or elsewhere, on the premises.

"Don't leave your place of business and place a notice outside, stating the time you will return.

"Don't permit your employees to discuss your business affairs with outsiders.

"Don't receive and pay for C. O. D. packages until you have examined their contents and are satisfied that the goods have been ordered by you.

"Don't leave your handbag in the baby carriage under the pillow.

"Don't leave canvassers, peddlers, or delivery boys, alone in a room, during your absence.

"Don't leave your rings in the washroom.

"Don't fail to count your change.

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"Don't deliver goods to express agents unless you are positive they are genuine agents. If in doubt, exact credentials.

"Don't employ anyone until you have examined his or her character and verified their references.

"Don't listen to get-rich schemes. You may be talking to a 'confidence man.'

"Don't slip the handle of your handbag up on your arm. Hold the bag firmly and directly over the clasp.

"Don't regard jostling or pushing, in a crowd, as accidental. Be suspicious of persons who jostle you.

"Don't stop at any place en route to your place of business after drawing money from the bank or on your way to make deposits.

"Don't let anyone know that you are going to the bank, unless it is absolutely necessary.

"Don't walk to and from the bank, to or from your place of business; if it is any great distance, ride.

"Don't send one man if you can send two to the bank to draw or make deposits. Don't send any but trusted and bonded employees; and don't use women or boys for such work.

"Don't permit employees to select their own routes to and from the bank. You do the selecting. If possible, change the route and time frequently.

"Don't fall asleep in the subway, elevated or surface car. This gives the pickpockets a good chance to steal your valuables.

"Don't fail to notify the police, immediately, upon discovery that something has been lost or stolen.

"As a final warning, when a crime is committed don't get excited. Don't run away from the police officers. Go to them immediately and tell them all the facts you know about the crime. Remember that the least delay may allow the criminal to escape. Help start the police on his trail without delay."

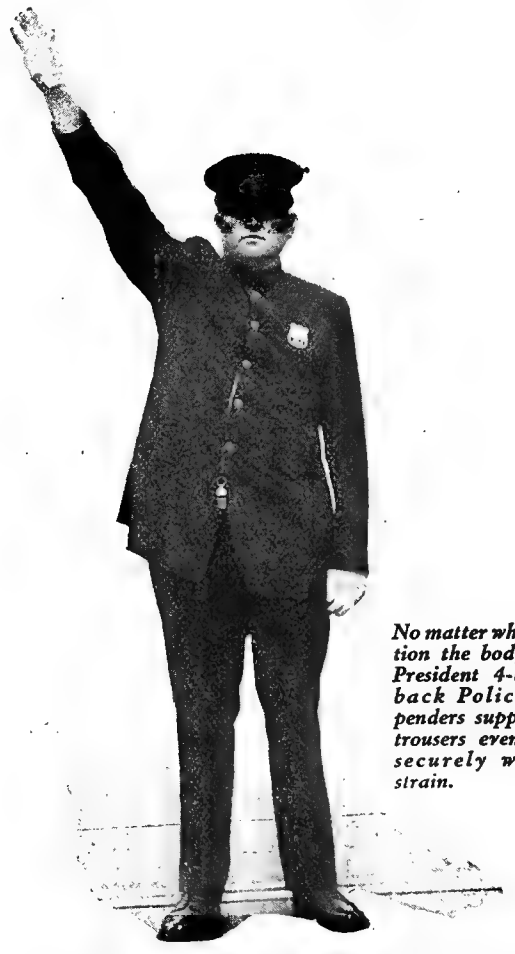
It was a verbal battery of commonsense born of long experience in dealing with frail humanity. When the last shot was fired Commissioner Enright smiled, with that engaging smile of his, held forth a powerful right hand and bowed me out with all the grace of a courtier, out of the big room from which he directs the destinies of New York's "finest."

Thirty-one Hidden Passengers

The alertness of the New York police uncovered what may be a gigantic alien smuggling plot when the men on launch No. 5 captured the schooner Susan B just as she was about to tie up to a dock in Rockaway Inlet. She had eluded the Coast Guard in the night.

When the launch, in charge of Sergeant Reilly, went alongside the schooner the Italian captain assured the officers that he had no rum aboard and a search proved the truth of the statement. However, in the hold, hiding under a canvas tarpaulin, the police found thirty-one Italians. Not one of them could speak English and from their clothes and the Italian money found on them it was evident that they were being smuggled into the country.

The two men on the boat, Captain Aurello and Mate Martini, were arrested and held for the Federal authorities; the thirty-one emigrants were sent to Ellis Island. The two men, if found guilty of the charges they are held on, are liable to sixty-two years in jail and fines amounting to $155,000.



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Love, Money and a Crook

(*Continued from page* 15)

lure me into the gold mine investment? Or was she just a simple-minded soul who found pleasure in telling of her romance to the first sympathetic listener?

Or might it be that she was warning me, a richer woman, off her preserves? The answer to these questions was what I next played for.

"Better beware—these popular men."

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid. He almost worships me. There can't be any doubt about that."

"Can you bring him to see me tomorrow? I'll put off another engagement if you will bring him. I want to know about the Mother Lode—if it is right."

There was the test. Would she willingly expose him to temptation—a man who must by the nature of his business be a fortune hunter? The answer came clear and sharp.

"Certainly, but can't you come to his office?"

Visions of certain recognition if I showed my face at Omna's Forty-second Street place made my decision a bit abrupt.

"Impossible! I have only an hour. My hairdresser comes at eleven, my modiste at twelve, my milliner at two—I can see Omna at three o'clock. Please have him come sharp on the hour, I'm very busy." I felt that I was playing well the part of the woman of the world of riches.

Probably I did it fairly well. At all events this experienced woman of the social world accepted me at face value. The appointment was settled on and we journeyed to the sixth floor in amicable agreement.

My trap had been built, put in position and baited and already its first victim was in the toils. Pleased with my progress, I now foresaw an easy conquest of Omna—after which I would give due attention to Chryso, the specialist of the crystal ball. I meant to break up that nest of fakers so that they never could come together again. That done, I felt that the saving to the credulous part of the public would be hundreds of thousands a year.

SO, having been successful in my trapping that day, I waited on the morrow in calm confidence that Omna was going to walk into my carefully prepared snare. Hairdresser, modiste and milliner came and went—in my imagination.

But, instead of Omna, came disappointment. The Countess telephoned to me that her chief was out of town. He would return the next day. So perforce I waited.

But the next day was to bring a more bitter pill. Again the Countess phoned—this time that something had occurred to prevent Omna from coming. At supper time, when I met her in the hall, quite by accident, as it seemed, she was extremely reserved. If I was any judge she had been in tears. It was a puzzle.

I pictured to myself the exuberant joy with which she must have rushed into Omna's office that morning with the news that she had a new and very rich customer—one whom she had rescued from the oily hands of the Swami Buyandi.

I could easily imagine the loverlike reception that awaited her—the warm recognition of her missionary efforts. I could not connect it with the tears I felt

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sure had been coursing down her face. Something unusual must have happened—something unknown to me.

I invited her to dinner and by a liberal tip to the head waiter obtained his advice on a choice of tasty dishes. The simple trap that I had planned to spring at a cost of just one day's expenses in the hotel was promising to prove a high-priced one. Three costly days already had drifted by and here was some new obstacle ahead. My hopes of an early conquest of Fort Omna became faint as I watched my companion. The choicest dishes that I put before her won only perfunctory interest. It was not until we had gone up to my room that the explanatory word came—in this fashion:

"Tell me, do you think a man who is false in love can be true in anything else—Can be honest in business?"

So it was something new! A development I had not known about. Now to find out in just what way the blow had fallen. "Why," I said, "I have known many men who never treated women fairly—yet had fine reputations in business. I won't say they were honest—but men thought them so. Some men make a mental reservation in all their dealings with women—as some women do with men. Why?"

"Oh, I am brokenhearted—" and she who the night before had been so happy threw her head on the bed pillows in sobbing grief.

"Not over Omna," I hesitantly asked.

"Who else?"

So that was the cause for the broken appointment and for the grieved countenance—Omna was treating her in heart affairs as he had others in monetary matters.

Pretty soon the whole miserable story came out. Omna and a woman client had indulged in a row some time before noon and the Countess had walked along the corridor in time to hear the woman's piercing—

"Not pretty enough for you now, eh? Who spoiled my beauty? Who but you? Now you marry me or—"

A slammed door had put a period to the sentence.

WITH her face hardened to hide all emotion the Countess had gone to old Chryso and asked concerning the visitor. The venerable one had been voluble enough and Omna, had he known of the revelations, might well have felt justified in choking his white-bearded assistant.

"That's Mrs. Drew"—he said of the angry woman, "just got her divorce today."

"What's that to do with Omna?" was the exasperated query.

"Oh, she got the decree just so she could marry him. He induced her to leave her husband and go out west and sue—and now it looks as if he's tired of her already. Got some new flame, I suppose."

"Did he really make her leave her husband?"

The anxiety in the tone now told old Chryso that this was more than a casual inquiry. His own friendly interest in his fair inquisitor was stirred.

"Why, Countess. Can it be? Was it really you?"

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The rest of the story he told readily enough. Mrs. Drew was the daughter of a millionaire who had made a great fortune and had founded a thriving little Long Island city through the manufacture of one of those commonplace articles for the household that are so dear to magazine advertising pages. The daughter had inherited a goodly part of his fortune but had squandered a high percentage of it on her own whims and her husband's. Only a small part of the original bequest was left but it was still large enough to afford a pleasant living for two.

And Omna, once he had fastened his fortune-teller hooks on little Mrs. Drew, had consistently held on until she had thrown over her husband of fifteen years and had started the divorce proceedings.

"And if I'm any judge," said Chryso in conclusion, "that little woman will make him walk up to the altar with her. She was formerly a famous beauty—you've seen her pictures in the papers many times—but now that's all gone. If she can't hold Omna what chance has she with anyone else? She'll cling to him like grim death—mark my words." Now he added a cryptic thing that struck through to the woman's soul—

"There are reasons," said he, "why he would rather marry her than let her get to the District Attorney—you noticed her face?"

"He didn't do that, did he?" cried the horrified and disillusioned Countess. She had seen a countenance seamed and marked with everything unpleasant.

"I didn't say he did," was the only answer she obtained.

As the Countess now told me the story, the revelations of Omna's treachery had put her in tears for the balance of the afternoon. She had finally decided not to trust me or my money to him just then. At heart, you see, she was pure gold.

If he could be so false in matters of the heart, how could she believe in his promises that she was to be made rich from the gold mine in which he had made an investment for her? True, the information about the mine had come from his "controls" when he was in a trance—it was not his advice but rather that of the spirits—yet she had doubts. She had begun to doubt many things she had believed in.

As I had not the slightest expectation of really making any investment I pleaded with her to overlook the danger to me. I even strengthened my previous argument: "Many a man's good in business who can't be trusted where women are concerned," was my optimistic statement. "Bring Omna here tomorrow—I want to get in on this gold mine."

The Countess proved to be a curious personality. Though she had been acting as an agent for Omna she had been doing so in good faith. She actually had believed she had been helping those whom she had led into the spider's web. It was not my part, at this point, to disillusion her, so I listened in secret amazement to her naive revelations. First she explained why she now hesitated to have me invest in Omna's gold mine.

"Just suppose," said she, "that you should have as bad luck as I did at first in an investment I made. Of course, he says it will all be made up now by the money I am going to get out of this gold mine."

There it was! She had been duped by this practised swindler and then had actually been induced to help in

(*Continued on page* 54)

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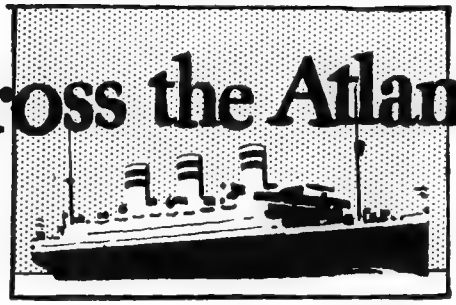

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his schemes. That was my thought. My speech was different and in character.

"You had bad luck?—Surely you did not lose, Countess?"

"Oh indeed I did, at first. It was a most unfortunate mischance."

"Did Omna lead you into it?"

"No, I can't blame him—although he did predict from the crystal that I should meet this German baron."

"And you met him—the man Omna had described from what he saw in the crystal?"

"Yes, in a few days, the very identical man—tow hair, tall, gray tortoise-shell glasses, diamond scarf pin, brown eyes, slight bald spot, limp and all—there wasn't a thing different."

"That made the crystal come true then." Was it sarcasm in my voice?

"Yes, exactly as he said. The baron told me about a fine investment, too, precisely as Omna predicted he would."

"Not a gold mine this time?" I tried hard to keep the irony out of my speech as I probed this old, old story of a soothsayer's swindle.

"No it was an oil-well, a good one. I had to ask him about it before I could learn what it was."

"And it was hard to get him to sell you stock?" I knew this rigamarole by heart. It is the stock trick of clairvoyants and the like to tell their dupes that they are soon to encounter certain persons—who are always well described—who will lead them to fortune. They invariably do meet the described individuals—and misfortune besides. Of the hundreds of such cases I have known about I never heard of one that resulted other than disastrously. That's a one hundred per cent record.

"Yes, it was hard to get the stock," the Countess went on, "but I can't see how you knew it. It looked good—that well."

"Until the oil ran out?"

"No, you're wrong—very, very wrong. Salt water rose in this well. Not enough oil came through then to pay the help."

"Did that mean a loss to you?"

"Certainly—only I was to get it back from the gold mine. That is, that was the promise after Omna and I became interested in each other."

"And that was after Omna learned you had more money?"

"That's unfair. You don't mean it, I'm sure. The fact is, Omna felt somewhat responsible for the $6,000 I had put into the oil well. Of course I told him I meant to retrieve it."

"Wasn't the crystal to blame for the oil well?"

"No, what he saw in the crystal came true. I did meet the man he saw in the ball. You couldn't blame either him or the crystal."

"Certainly not. The salt water was responsible, of course." I felt this was a safe statement.

"Just the same," she went on, "Omna felt that he ought to do something to help me recoup my loss. And just then we were blessed—as I thought—by the blossoming of our affection. What a wonderful time—the time of newly unfolding love!" Her eyes grew misty. I could see that her heart was not yet chilled toward Omna, even if her mind was. It was easy to see that

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he could quickly regain her confidence. She went on with her simple story:

"It was because this oil well had gone wrong that Omna promised to try to find a real good investment for me to make up for the loss. He said if he had only used his spirit controls they would have known about the salt water in the oil well—but of course, a thing like that would not appear in the crystal.

"I trusted him and while I was waiting for the gold mine to develop he offered to pay me a salary for introducing him to people that I might meet. Everything seemed so bright and sunny for us and now—"

A rain of tears was the successor to the sunny weather she had described.

"Now," she went on sobbingly, "I don't know where to turn. I don't know whom to trust. I believed with all my soul that he loved me, and here he was making love to another woman all the time."

It was my turn to be the guide and I counselled with her long and earnestly with the result that she agreed to face Omna again the following day. She dreaded to meet him, fearing she could not control herself, but I pointed out that an important part of her fortune was at stake and possibly mine also. She was to ask him whether he could not obtain some shares for me and also give me a sitting.

It was a tearful and distraught Countess who went to her room that night, but one thing I had accomplished. She did have her jaw set on the idea that she would try to get Omna to give me a sitting. I had told her I could take care of myself, and that I meant to have willy nilly, some of that gold mine stock.

If she were wakeful from distress, what was my condition from anxiety! Would my bait bring Omna and his arrest? Could I save her from his talons? Could I capture Chryso? My thoughts too, strayed back to Malluk, of the Evil Eye, who at that time was still eluding us. Through capturing Omna I might be able to trace that much-sought devotee of witch-craft. Besides my professional pride was at stake. Here was the most important fortune-telling case of my career, hanging fire. I had started what I had thought was a cleverly conceived plan to quickly capture the arch-faker of all the legion of soothsayers and here I was, badly delayed if not balked. I fretted and fumed, tossed and turned.

Like a weight on my chest rested the burden of my accumulating hotel bill. I had planned a one-day coup to trap Omna, with a one-day expense account—and already four days had slipped by without my having advanced much farther than I had at the beginning. Vividly I recalled my interview with my Inspector that very afternoon. Worried about the fast rising bill, I had tried to unload my troubles on him.

"Pheew!" he had whistled, "This is running into a pretty penny. Can't you take a cheaper room and then buy your meals out—or get them at home. That would take them off the expense account."

"Not if I'm going to keep in with the Countess—she's accustomed to eating with me twice a day."

"But fifteen—twenty dollars a day—that's out of all bounds in police work unless in very big cases."

"But suppose I land Omna in a day or two? The few dollars won't be anything compared to the thousands we'll save his dupes."

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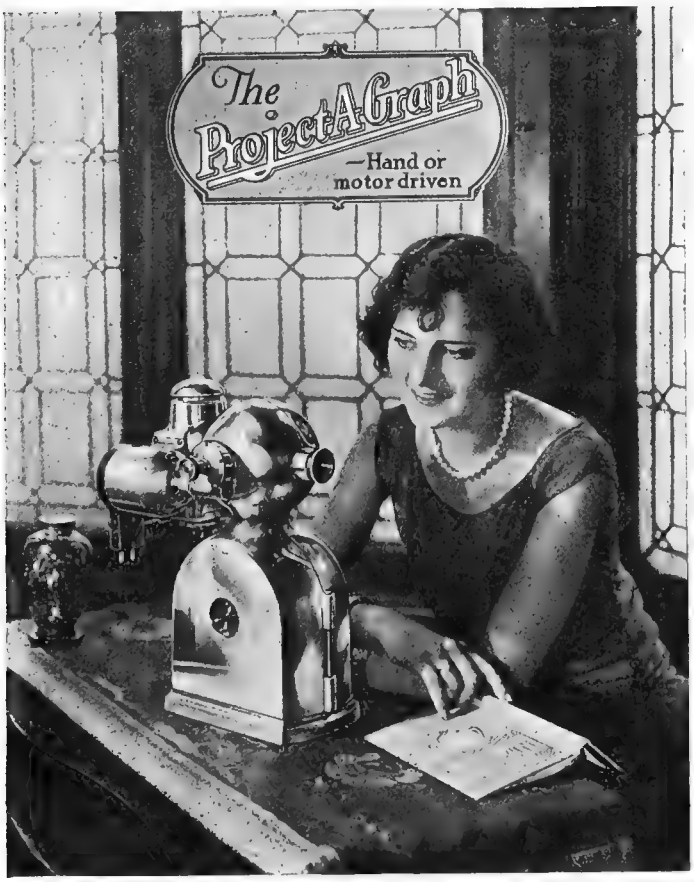

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"Yes—and suppose he's too smart for you and you don't land him? How am I going to get by with fifteen-dollar-a-day hotel bills in an unsuccessful case?"

"Well, this rich-widow bait ought to fetch that old fox out of his hole. I can't see how it could be more promising."

"While I can't see how it could be more unpromising!" Here the ice-water of official disapproval was poured freely over me. "You've been there four days now."

"However I'll take this chance," he went on. "I'll authorize you to stay two days more—and that'll have to be the limit."

"But, Inspector, suppose I'm just on the edge of getting Omna then—what shall I do?"

He shook his head and hands in a gesture of "What can I do"—and that had to be my answer.

WHO can wonder that I was anxious. A two-day day limit on my biggest case! I was anxious to arrest Omna, anxious to avenge Mrs. Kenton and her $80,000 despoilment, anxious to put an end to this soothsayer's nest, anxious lest there should be more delay. The pressure for action was growing greater with every hour. Would Omna walk into my trap on the morrow? On the answer to that question depended not only the material matters mentioned but in some degree, my own reputation.

This Omna was no ordinary quarry. Pursuing him was a task for the best of us. I felt the flush of that real enthusiasm that comes to every detective when opportunity offers to capture a master crook. To overmatch such a sleek and slippery rascal would be a real accomplishment for any one on the force. I was keen to overreach him—but mixed with my enthusiasm for the hunt was anxiety as to the result.

So far, Omna had matched my every wile with guile. So what of the morrow?

Failure? That I could not brook.

Success? Could I attain it?

WHO WINS

THE Detective's trap is all set for Omna, the bait is rich and the Soothsayer hungers for it—But he is wily—

Who wins?

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Who wins?

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The Truth about the Fortune-Tellers—

Continued in next month's Police Magazine

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The Head-Hunting Blackmailers of Corea

(*Continued from page* 21)

skelter marks that to him meant 4,000 Japanese yen, his knees forsook him and he dropped trembling to the floor.

"This is an outrage," sputtered Chun-Po to his wife. "That these devils should now demand 4,000 yen! First it was two thousand, then three thousand and now it is four. If we have two or three more deaths in the family they will reach a price that will beggar me.

"There is but one thing to be done. I will have my revered cousin's body taken up and moved to some unknown burial place, where these hunters of heads will never find him."

TO speak was to act with the wrinkled Chun-Po. He had his cousin's body removed in broad daylight, and as the ox wagon bearing the body creaked dismally away from the original burial ground Chun-Po had a small band of his servants and employees assembled to see that the body was not followed. They were successful. No blackmailers traced the body.

This victory of Chun-Po's came near to being his undoing.

In the dead of the following night, when the police were far away, Chun-Po was awakened to find his stable, which stood adjoining the house and inside his compound, blazing up like a bonfire.

Quickly he and his family tumbled out on the thatched roof of their home to sop it down with water. They were none too quick, since already tiny blazes were showing in the straw where fiery sparks were falling.

And the next day there came another note.

"For our better concealment," it read, "we take advantage of the foreign post that the Japanese have brought to tell you—old silver-soaked Chun-Po—that if the money for which we so politely asked be not delivered at the tree by the temple gate before the first of the new moon there will be more fires and bigger ones.

"You thought to deceive us, Chun-Po, but you have failed. We do not know where your esteemed cousin lies, but we know the burial place of your grandfather, and in addition to the burning you shall suffer the disgrace of the loss of your grandfather's head.

"So, Chun-Po, the tricky, bring us the 4,000 yen in gold of the Japanese."

"THE FOUR."

Had Chun-Po been of the class on whom he had long levied tribute, that is one of the poor and down-trodden Coreans, he probably would readily have acquiesced to the demands of those with power over him. He would have been well accustomed to being the victim of extortion.

But the money-lender was one of those who take and never give, and he could not bring himself to again readily part with so much money. His wife pleaded with him in her crackling speech to give in to the blackmailers, lest worse befall him.

"What is 4,000 yen," she argued, "compared to the loss of your fat barn and your fine cattle."

"But," said Chun-Po, "if I give them 4,000 yen now they will ask 8,000 the next time."

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"That is true, oh Chun-Po, but better that than the loss of our lives."

"But are we if we be beggared in our old age by these rascals? In a few years these thieves will take all we have, and we shall be paupers on the streets, you and I."

"Woe to us, then, if another relative dies," was the answering cry of the wife. "If we lose one more relative it will take half of our fortune."

"No, not as bad as that," said Chun-Po. "In two or three years I can make as much as these rascals take, provided they demand no more. But if several of our relations die and they keep on increasing their demands we shall have naught but the clothes upon our backs."

"And woe to us—we have five ancient and infirm relatives who may go to the gods at any moment."

"That is a true word. They may carry with them all our fortune."

"Chun-Po, listen to me. There is one thing we can do. We can move into the land of China or to the islands of the Japanese, where such things happen not. I have asked and have learned that in Japan such beheading of one's relatives is unknown."

"Nay, that we cannot do, for I can make no money there. We cannot live so high on just what we have saved."

"We had better live not quite so high and yet live," was the wife's suggestive answer.

"Your thought is wise, my wife. Now must I either risk my life by going to the police or else move to some foreign land. We cannot stay here quiet with this gang hacking constantly at our throats, lest our life blood be taken."

IT was in consequence of this conversation that Chun-Po employed the mail to report this third demand to the police. By mail again he was instructed to fall ill and remain abed beyond the day when the blackmailers had demanded the money. His illness was well advertised in the neighborhood and the grinning peddler, who by now was a subject of many nightmares to Chun-Po, was twice seen to converse with neighbors as he pretended to sell them products of his farm.

Chun-Po remained abed until well beyond the first of the new moon. The doctor was seen to visit his house, and the blackmailers fell victims to the ruse. The Japanese commissioner of police had learned what post office the last demand had been posted from, and he now stationed policemen there to hold watch day and night for any letter addressed to Chun-Po.

It was therefore with ease that the two policemen on duty at the post office captured an unsophisticated and unsuspecting member of the head-hunting, blackmailing clan when he deposited a second letter containing a demand on Chun-Po. This letter was based on the fact that Chun-Po was now getting better and could meet the masked men beside the temple. Unfortunately the other three of "The Four" escaped by fleeing the city and staying away.

After a few weeks of uneasiness lest the blackmailers burn him alive in his house Chun-Po again began to sleep at nights and his wife to think of other things than sudden death at the hands of men with sharp little knives. The man who had been arrested was given what was considered in Corea a heavy sentence for blackmailing, namely two years, and Chun-Po rested somewhat at his ease.

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It was not without trepidation, however, that a year and a half later he attended the funeral of his wife. He was filled with fear lest the news should get abroad and the three, who must surely have a vow of vengeance against him, should return.

It was not so much the loss of his wife that troubled Chun-Po, for already he was thinking of marrying a comely young girl of the neighborhood. What fretted him was the possible loss of his newly rebuilt house, his well filled granary, his sleek cattle and his thousands of yen.

The news of the woman's death traveled slowly to the blackmailers, for it was almost two months before a stone dropped as of old on the floor of Chun-Po's dining room. Chun-Po had come to believe that he was free of his persecutors, and had really come to be happy, rejoicing in the moon-faced beauty of his new and youthful bride. He had never told her of his experience with the blackmailing specialists who afflicted him.

Consequently it was with a distinct shock that she picked up the note and read that he was ordered to pay 5,000 yen on penalty of having his former wife's body beheaded.

The shock to the spouse, however, was principally from the fear that she might some day possibly be the subject of such a note herself. As she came to discuss the question with the aged Chun-Po she showed no concern whatever over the prospective beheading of her predecessor's body. But she was strong in opposition to the payment of so much money. Had she not married Chun-Po for his riches, and here they threatened to take flight into what was worse than thin air—into the grasping hands of other men's wives. She could not bring herself to think of the women of the blackmailing clan enjoying that which she had meant to enjoy.

The new wife of Chun-Po lost no time in communicating with the police, with the result that it was a policeman made up as Chun-Po who kept the tryst with the blackmailers in the burying ground the second hour of the morning of the second day.

Chun-Po's doddering step and infirm gesture were well simulated by a slight, sinewy little chap of the police. When the blackmailers saw the hesitating step, the senile, stumbling among the tombs of the man they sought, they no longer feared. Through a path among the tombs there came fearlessly forward a man in a long black mask who bore an appearance akin to that of Corean devil gods. He would have affrighted the average Corean, but this young policeman, Corean born, Japanese trained, athletic and bold, merely quavered as if he feared the newcomer. Suddenly there was a flash of sharp steel as the policeman brought from under his white Corean robe a thin, sharp sword. With that he marched the masked one to the commander's house—and so on to a prison cell.

STILL two of the blackmailers stayed at large and Chun-Po's heart sank within him as he thought upon it. Still deeper it sank when he found—pinned to his door-sill, with a Corean dagger—a new demand for yen. It was signed "The Two."

Decision whether to pay or not to pay was finally brought about by Chun-Po's thinking of a brilliant way in which to interest the police in his case without incurring suspicion.

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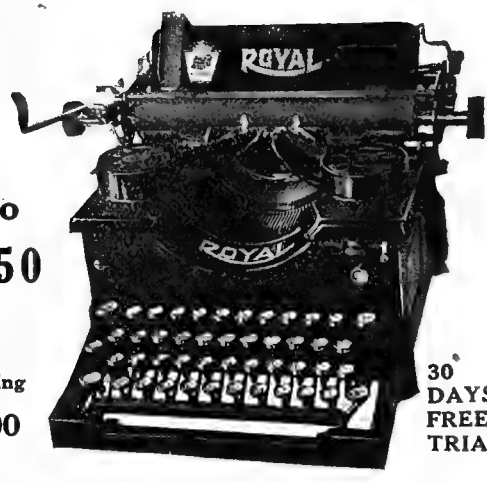

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Chun-Po had not failed to note that on the opposite side of the street of the Stone Dogs and at a little distance from his house two laborers were accustomed to lounge. Of course they might not have anything to do with the blackmailers, but——

Therefore he arranged that a certain youth call at his house. He carried a package and by pre-arrangement he was forcibly ejected—with his package—as if he were one of the debtors of Chun-Po. The laborers loafing near the corner followed the scene of the ejection with curious eyes.

"Aha!" said one laborer to another. "There goes another of the victims of Chun-Po. Him at least you need not follow, oh brother."

Though the two workers thought so little of the young man and followed him not, let us not be so uncurious. Treading in the muck of the Corean streets, we shall trace the young man to an unexpected spot. He goes direct to the Japanese police commander in the suburb—a man Chun-Po himself would not dare to be seen near.

And on behalf of the worthy and oppressed Chun-Po the young man gives to the commander a splendid present. No less than a fine basket of the choicest foreign fruits—luscious products of warmer climes that only the rich foreign devils of Seoul have hitherto been known to enjoy.

Now the commander essays a taste of these treasures—with what result? A pleased look on his face at the first juicy taste transforms swiftly into one of surprise as his teeth meet on something hard. He extracts from the beauteous fruit that which never grew therein—a small roll of paper covered with oiled silk. And on the paper he reads an appeal from Chun-Po that the police may capture his persecutors on the night of the first new moon.

> "These children of the devil watch my every move," wrote Chun-Po, "but it is of no value to catch one of them. For every branch that we remove from their tree a new one will grow. Did we not send two men to prison, yet the demands are renewed. We must catch them all in one net—which is something beyond the powers of your poor servant, but is within your power, Oh, august one."

There was a strange happening that night—the night before the new moon. Fire started in the thatch of a house adjoining Chun-Po's and for a few minutes there was excitement and a scurrying around for water.

When it was all over the young wife of Chun-Po came running to him with a package.

"What is this—whose package?" asked Chun-Po.

"I know not—it was found on our doorstep after the fire."

Chun-Po dreaded to open the package—what if the blackmailers had set the fire in order to have safe opportunity to deposit some new demand?

But even more he dreaded not to open it. What if by neglecting to open it he missed some new demand by the four and thereby lost a barn or some other prized possession.

The opening of the packet! Shock and surprise! There lie the very fruits so carefully despatched to the police commander that very day by Chun-Po.

"Can it be that I have insulted the august comman-

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der, that he so curtly returns my gift," is the dismayed cry of Chun-Po. "If that be so then am I left at the mercy of the blackmailers."

"Nay, think not so," is his wife's rejoinder. "The august commander would not have taken the trouble to cause a fire in our neighbor's house and so send this basket unobserved if it merely were rejection."

"A wise head, a wise head," said old Chun-Po, patting the clever head of his young wife and sagely shaking his own. "Let us see what there is of explanation."

He found the fruit strongly covered with a netting, on top of which was tied a note that read:

To the Honorable Chun-Po:

Why should you not meet the Two, as they now call themselves, on the night of the first moon, and give to them this basket of fruit as a present, with the promise that on the morrow you will bring the cash they demand. We will do what else is to be done. Only a word in thine ear: Let not you nor any of yours eat of the fruit.

THEREFORE it was that the timorous Chun-Po did deliver the fruit to a great masked figure by the village temple at the second hour of the morning the night of the first moon. Therefore it was that two hours later a squad of police easily gathered in two men of the village who lay drugged and sleeping near the temple—the victims of drugs in the beautiful fruit they had accepted from Chun-Po along with his protestations that he was gathering the tax for them and that meanwhile he had brought this fine present in their honor.

One of the men was his ex-brother-in-law, the brother of his first wife, the other an ex-servant of Chun-Po's.

When they were well behind bars Chun-Po bethought himself of the sentence in the police commander's letter that had convinced him the plan would work.

"They are greedy men," the commander had written in a postscript, "and therefore they will seize upon any tribute you may pay them. Let their greed lead them to eat of the fruit, but again beware that you touch it not."

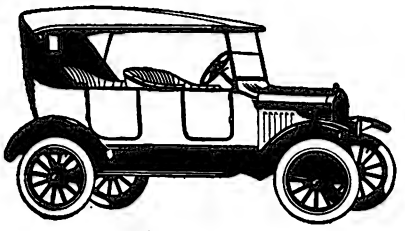
And so they proved themselves—greedier than even the infamously greedy Chun-Po.

Foreign Crooks Took a Vacation

UNWONTED quiet in criminal activities in Berlin, Germany, in the months of July and August led to the discovery that the Berlin police believed the cessation of activity to be due to the fact that most of the burglars, thieves and professional crooks had gone away to summer resorts.

The Berlin newspapers printed long stories showing that there had been no burglaries or robberies of importance in the city for weeks and quoted the Detective department as saying that because the professional crooks work under a tremendous nervous strain they nearly all of them take a rest by going to the seashore or mountains for a month or two for their nerves.

They added that the minor thieves, being unable to obtain enough money for a vacation, were, of course, compelled to stay in the city.



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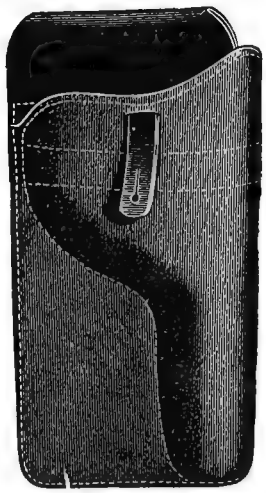

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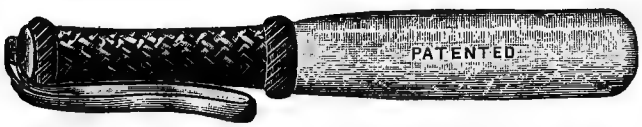

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How I am Salvaging Women's Souls

(Continued from page 29)

have built country clubs for their summer outings. No girl in New York or any well-organized city need err through finding life dull and lacking in amusement.

A new factor of temptation has now come into being. Country girls come to the city expecting to go on the stage or the screen. Forty per cent of the delinquents are victims of this madness. I cannot ascribe their fall to the persons connected with the stage or screen. The temptations come from men who see them loitering about the streets and parks and theatres. Poor little seekers of their fortune in what to their dazzled eyes is the land of romance!

I approach with regret an element in the problem that seems inexcusable. It is inexcusable. It calls for little, if any, sympathy. There are married women who seek adventure, or who, without seeking, find it. Some of them are women whose husbands are away. The wives go to a picture show or to some other amusement with another woman. They mean no harm.

Next they go on to a dance hall or some other place of amusement. They just drift into a frivilous, evil life. I would like to make this percentage as small as possible. I would like to say it comprises only ten per cent of our cases. But it reaches twenty per cent. Some of the women have children.

There is still a number of women who err through a mistaken idea of romance. A few girls still think that the man who says "Hello" to them on the street, and who does not want to call on them at their home, is a creature of romance, that he is in love with them.

The number of such deceived ones is smaller than it was. Young women are growing clearer-eyed and keener-minded in such matters. Policewomen, of whom New York now has a hundred, have done a great deal to prevent the beginnings of social evil. They patrol the parks and the streets and halt many such cases early in their development.

The city has become argus-eyed. There is practically no street-walking. Commercialized vice has almost disappeared, thanks to the coming of a Police Commissioner who has served as a policeman in uniform and has set his face sternly against a continuation of the old evils of a wide-open town. Under him the Tenderloin of commercialized vice and public gambling has disappeared.

NEW scenes of activity for the women who are seeking adventure are the wide promenades of the hotels. There they sit, the romance-mad or the mercenaries, awaiting encounters. But the hotel managements have been warned of the new menace. They have removed the seats of waiting. As a result there sometimes are not chairs enough to accommodate the guests who are there to keep legitimate appointments.

The single standard of morals is no longer a jest. It is being soberly accepted. I foresee a time when the social evil will be a negligible factor in modern life. There will always be some folly. But I hope it will become a small factor of life. There will always be foolish girls who will go to the city seeking the great adventure of love and finding a hideous counterfeit.

But even in this big city a girl is safer than in any other place than her own home. It is, of course, there that a girl is safest of all. We believe that an inadequate

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home is better than none. New York is punishing vice with a heavier and heavier hand. In the lamentable case of Veronica Flynn, the criminals were pursued for six months. Everyone of the thirteen men guilty of attacking her was found and identified. All were convicted and sentenced according to circumstances. Some received the maximum sentences of twenty years' imprisonment. The girl has gone back to her home in a mining town in Pennsylvania.

The cities are growing better. Vice is lessening. But I urge upon parents that when daughter goes out for an evening they themselves go along and see that she is in a right environment. They need not stay all of an evening. But they should see that the girl is where they expect her to be.

The mother whose half-grown daughter accounted for strange absences for six months by saying she was with Julia, and who never even asked Julia's last name, was surprised when she learned that there was no such person. That mother, and mothers who are like her, are of the class of improper guardians for youth and should be deprived of their guardianship.

There is still need of vigilance. But New York, so far as its delinquent woman problem is concerned, is growing better and better. It is a well-ordered city—probably the best-ordered in the matters that come to my attention in the world.

The Passing of a Great Clergyman

MORE than a thousand policemen took part in the funeral services of the Rev. John J. Coogan, Roman Catholic Chaplin of the department, who died after a brief illness. The services took place in the church of the Holy Cross in West Forty-second Street, New York and internment was in Calvary Cemetery. The hearse was followed by a large escort of mounted police and 400 men on foot, while Commissioner Enright and other high officers of the department walked behind the cortege.

It was said that Forty-second Street had never seen such a funeral procession. The sidewalks were crowded. The Police Department branch of the Holy Name Society, of which Father Coogan was the supervisor, and members of the Knights of Columbus marched, with muffled drums. The police and fire department chaplains of other faiths joined in the tribute. Most of the inspectors, thirty captains, 200 detectives in plain clothes and 25 motorcycle policemen were in line. The flowers occupied six open cars.

Two hundred clergymen joined in the services. The celebrant of the high mass was the Rev. John Jordan of Croton Falls, N. Y., a lifelong friend of Father Coogan. The deacon was the Rev. Lawrence H. Bracken, Roman Catholic chaplain in Brooklyn. The dead chaplain received the funeral honors of an inspector of police. Fifty uniformed men under Lieutenant Patrick Fitzgibbons acting as guard for the body. The Rev. Father Coogan, who was much beloved, had been the first priest of his faith to be commissioned a scout master in the Boy Scouts of America.

Father Coogan will be greatly missed by his host of friends. Noted for his genial nature, his great charity and his fine intellect, he was loved by the clergy of every faith and admired by them for his broad and liberal views. His passing leaves a poignant gap in his great circle.

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(*Continued from page* 31)

city for pistol practice and instruction, and for inspection of revolvers. The men go to these classes in such fashion that there is at all times a continuous stream of uniformed men travelling across the city by the various transportation lines to and from every section of the Metropolis.

These men travel to two armories in Manhattan, one uptown and the other in Fourteenth street, and to a club pistol-range in downtown Brooklyn, in such numbers and at such times that some of them are moving over all the principal car routes during almost all of the daylight hours.

These trips to the armories are made in reserve periods between eight and three o'clock, so that no officer is taken away from active duty in the streets for the pistol practice.

When Lieutenant Micelli and his aids found, two years ago, that half the force could not hit the target, it was decided to begin at the bottom and teach the rudiments as well as the finer points of pistol practice. So lectures were given on "How to Hold a Revolver When Shooting," "How to Shoot at Stationary or Moving Targets," "When to Draw a Revolver, and When to Shoot," "The Difference Between Misdemeanor and Felony Cases," "Ways of Disarming Gunmen, etc.," and "Advice As to the Care of Revolvers and Ammunition."

Following these lectures the men were set to shooting at the twenty-yard targets, and the scores they made were kept. The result has been steady improvement. Today all except about five and one-half percent of them are making creditable scores. The average is around thirty, with one-third of the department already shooting far above twenty per cent on the twenty-yard targets with the small bull's eye.

It is right here that the fine points of the new system begin to make themselves manifest. There is a reward for good shooting, and a penalty for poor shooting. The reward is an extra two days' vacation for every man making a score above 70 in 10 shots and four days extra vacation for every man making above 80. That these are not impossible figures is shown by the fact that the number of men earning the extra vacations has doubled in the six months from December 1, 1923, to May 31, 1924.

The rewards furnish strong incentive for excellent shooting—the penalties furnish strong incentive to attain a fair proficiency in marksmanship.

Because a score of 15 on a twenty-yard target has been set as a minimum for the force, every man is expected to come up to it, and the penalty enforced for failing to do so makes the men not only anxious, but certain, to better their marksmanship.

Any man who fails to reach 15 on his semi-annual test receives orders to report at a special school in a Manhattan armory for instruction and practice. The time of his appearance at the armory is set for his first day off following the tour of duty that ends at noon. He must continue appearing in that special class on every day off until he has reached the required mark of 15 in his shooting. Automatically the members of this special instruction class are working to graduate themselves from it and from the day-off attendance on it.

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With the entire force today recognizing the importance of pistol instruction it is natural that considerable rivalry in pistol shooting should arise, and this has been carefully nurtured by Lieutenant Micelli. Under Commissioner Enright's orders, teams of five men have been chosen in each of the thirteen police divisions of the city for an inter-divisional contest in which there are not only substantial prizes but extra vacation periods for all members of teams reaching the higher scores. Each of these teams shoots a match every three weeks, and in the course of a year meets all the other twelve teams.

The general pistol practice leads to the formation of these teams and an active rivalry naturally exists among them. Their team competition next leads up to the most important achievement of the New York force in the line of pistol shooting. That is the formation of a picked team of eight men chosen from the thirteen division teams to compete in the National Pistol Competition at Camp Perry, Ohio, at the end of September. It is the first time a New York team has competed for the Police Trophy, and members of the team have high hopes of winning it. There has been close competition in the department for the honor of being members of the pistol team sent to Camp Perry, and the results of the contest are shown in the following list of team members with their high scores.

Pat'l. Adolph Schuber	77.0
Act. Capt. C. N. Stilson	74.9
Pat'l. Thomas McGovern	74.1
Lt. Ralph Micelli	73.4
Sgt. Fred McKenna	73.0
A. D. S. Henry Butts	72.7
Sgt. Frank J. Lonergan	72.4
Lt. George Darrow	72.4
Sgt. David Twomey	72.3
Sgt. Arthur Wallender	72.0

Officer T-115 of Boston Take Notice

A RECENT letter to the editor of the Boston *Post* reads as follows:

"Have read with much interest what the many readers have to say about the officers of Boston.

"Some one said that enough has been written about them, but I must add my share else the reports would not be complete. My favorite officer is T-115, who was located at Federal and Summer streets, and some time at Summer and South. He was very tall and commanded the attention of all the fair sex.

"He was very courteous to every one and had many friends. Of course, some one will say he is married—if so, I think the woman is in luck to have such a fine husband. If he is not now located at the same place, will some one kindly inform me of his new station?

(Signed) "AGNES."

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COLONEL RHINELANDER WALDO

Waldo Heads New League

COLONEL RHINELANDER WALDO has resigned as Deputy Police Commissioner of New York City to direct the Coolidge Non-Partisan League. He has begun his new campaign with vigor and has received a great deal of notice from the press.

Colonel Waldo and Commissioner Enright each felicitated the other warmly upon the former's retirement from active service as the Commissioner's aid.

"The greatest of all Commissioners," was Waldo's merited praise of the incumbent whom he has efficiently aided.

Commissioner Enright praised Colonel Waldo in positive terms and wished him the best of luck.

Colonel Waldo, himself a former police commissioner, has been persistently mentioned to succeed Governor General Leonard Wood in the administration of the government of the Philippines. The press notices from Washington on his probable appointment have been many and seem to have the character of official "feelers."

Newark Plans Artistic Traffic Posts

As a result of a competition for artistic traffic signal posts, Newark, N. J., plans to install several signal posts that have the general lines of the traffic towers in New York, with their bases narrower than their tops and four metal supports rising at the corners. The three colored lights employed are arranged vertically in each of the four face panels between these posts and a small urn finishes off the top of the design. Newark will be very proud of its artistic traffic towers.

The Policeman in the Making

(*Continued from page* 41)

must know what evidence to look for and how to look for it. All the subjects have similar ramifications and sub-heads.

There are twenty-two subjects on that partial list; four and one-half to each member of the faculty, were each subject given equal weight. This, to be sure, is not the case; each is carefully alotted the exact portion of time that its importance warrants. Nevertheless, with classes never less and generally more than fifty strong, with examinations to conduct and all the rest of the pedagogical routine to go through, it can readily be seen that each of these four experienced lieutenants will naturally keep to the line of his own preference as much as he can, but that on occasion each must, and does, stand ready to teach any or all of the twenty-two.

These, however, are the routine studies which always must be the backbone of any curriculum. By no means are they all the mental work the recruit must do. Every morning he must attend the regular "line-up" of criminals arrested during the preceding twenty-four hours and brought to Police Headquarters for inspection by detectives. And he is expected to remember what he sees.

Detectives and others, experts in the handling of certain lines of criminal endeavor, give lectures in their specialties. Homicide, for instance, automobile thieves, loft and wagon thieves, and so on. It is explained how these criminals operate, where they are apt to hang out, their private slang, by means of which they flatter themselves that they can carry on a conversation quite unintelligible to the minions of the law. The different signs which mean, in effect, "pipe the cop," also are shown and explained. All of which, though intensely interesting, is not intended to entertain the recruit, but to instruct him, and he is required to prove that it has served its purpose.

He has to learn first aid to the injured, development and preservation of finger-prints, the use of signal and fire-alarm boxes, all by actual demonstration. Twice a week, on Saturdays and Sundays, he is sent out with experienced detectives, to learn the routine duties of this branch in caring for the security of the financial and important commercial districts.

Several times during these student days, the recruits are assigned to patrol duty in plain clothes and in pairs, on the city's busiest streets, in order that they may note conditions in which they would take action were they regularly assigned to this work. That is, places requiring licenses, or those that need special surveillance, such as pawn-shops, junk-shops or supposed bootleggers' joints. From time to time, as they make these tours, one of their mental instructors meets them, whereupon they report their theoretical actions to him, in order that he may criticize them.

Mock courts are held, in which the rookie must play his part. Home work is assigned to him; interpretations of the police rules and regulations, or imaginary cases involving these rules, the laws or departmental customs. This work is then examined and its errors very thoroughly explained.

About half of the recruit's daylight hours and all

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of his evenings are thus accounted for. They are occupied with study, dull in some spots, fascinating in others, but stiff, hard work in all. Work that is made no easier because, in the beginning at any rate, it is apt to be accompanied by aching bones and muscles protesting against his every move.

These are gifts bestowed by the physical end of the rookie's work. Rarely—not in one case out of ten—has he had any previous gymnasium work except what he received in the Civil Service school. But that training, like the mental work which then was required, fell short by miles of what he now has to do.

It is in the little office on the top floor of Police Headquarters, just off the big gymnasium, which still is not big enough for its present uses, that Captain Schofield is most often to be found, always with some of the physical instructors around him.

The door of this office usually is closed, exhibiting an emphatic sign which the commandant was forced to have placed on one of its glass panels ordering outsiders to remain outside. For the office is extremely small and extremely popular. If it were not for that sign its legitimate occupants, the physical instructors, wouldn't have a chance in the world to get inside; and even as it is, the sign doesn't always succeed in its mission. Through that doorway, if it happens to be open, can be seen the rookies at their work.

Perhaps it is military drill; school of the soldier, the manual, with old Krag-Jorgensen rifles, up through the schools of the platoon and company. They will get more drill later, but this amply suffices for them while they are recruits, and for some time afterward. It is not primarily in order that they make a creditable appearance on parade that it is given. Though this end is obviously desirable, there are far stronger reasons; reasons which both Commissioner Enright and Captain Schofield fully recognize.

The critical press and critical individuals for years have been accustomed to remind us whenever the statement will apply, and on many occasions when it won't, that the police aren't soldiers; they are civilians. Very well; let it go at that. Nobody denies it or ever has denied it. To do so would be absurd; but it certainly cannot be less absurd to deny other facts equally manifest.

The spheres of duty of an army and of a police force are normally, of course, distinct and different, but nevertheless the two have many elements in common. One may call the various grades of policemen, and the various subdivisions of his department, by whatever names one chooses, but the organization itself is semi-military at least in its nature if it functions with any appreciable degree of efficiency; and the nearer its discipline approaches that of an army, within certain limits, the greater, generally speaking, will that efficiency be. Then, as all the world knows, there are emergencies, in riots or the like, when the duties of the soldier and the cop are identical.

Therefore, it is the policy of the New York Police Department to bring its discipline into as close accord with those of the army as can be done while rigidly barring every trace of offensive "swank."

This drill usually is held in the afternoon, by Acting-Sergeant Brewer. When at length he halts his company, dresses it and gives the command "At ease!" good

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American drill gives place to an exercise imported from the other side of the world—jiu-jitsu.

"Humane handling of prisoners" is the way this is described in the written school curriculum. And so it is, though one might not think so to see those rookies at their work. It may be Sergeant Wallander (who, by the way, is an author as well as an instructor, for it is he who has written the Police Physical Training Manual) who commands this drill. More likely still it is another and much older man. A gray-haired man, not tall, but who appears much shorter than he is because of his enormous depth of chest and breadth of shoulder—Sergeant Shaw.

It is he who has done much to adapt this Japanese art to our needs. Its exercise may indeed be hard on the prisoner, and sometimes is; its humaneness lies in the fact that if it is so, it is the prisoner's own fault because, as he ceases to struggle, the severity relaxes. But even at its worst it is not like the skull-cracking night-stick—which otherwise would have to be used.

It may perhaps be said that however good Sergeant Shaw may be as a teacher of jiu-jitsu, he is a very poor example of the necessity for such an art; and in so far as his ability to handle the average man by sheer strength is concerned, this is true enough. But he uses, and has occasion to use, very little of his enormous strength in this exercise. His assistant, Acting-Sergeant Isidor Cantor, a far lighter man, can do the same thing. The strength of the opponent matters very little; it is the opponent's exertions that are made to defeat themselves. That is what jiu-jitsu is for.

Neither Sergeant Shaw nor Sergeant Wallander, moreover, are bullet or knife proof. Yet notice the casual way in which the former trundles a dirk out of his opponent's hand. The opponent is not actual, to be sure, but he is very far indeed from being a weakling. He is a police recruit, pressed into service to play the part of a desperate crook. Incidentally, he has just won the recruit's boxing championship.

And boxing! Time was when a visiting Englishman, glancing at two cops, off duty, who were good-naturedly sparring, turned and remarked with ineffable disgust: "They go at it like a couple of bally old women winding yarn!"

So they did. But once more, "them days is gone forever." The recruit now is taught to box, and taught properly, by Acting-Sergeant Ruff and his assistant, Wm. B. Spingler, also an acting sergeant, who holds the Police Department championship.

The recruit is taught to get hold of a fire-escape, the end of which is ten feet or so above the sidewalk. Vitally necessary in life-saving and sometimes also in prevention of crime this knowledge is apt to be. He is taught to swim, if he does not know how already, and to resuscitate a person apparently drowned. He is taught how to carry a wounded man by the simple process—simple when you know how—of picking up another and very likely a heavier recruit from the gymnasium floor, trotting upstairs with his burden, then down again to replace it on the floor, where he found it.

Perhaps above all other changes for the better, at least so far as the general public is concerned, is the policeman's pistol. His former notorious readiness to draw it—a readiness usually occasioned by his ignorance of anything else to do—was equalled only by his equally famous inability to hit anything but an innocent

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bystander. It wasn't his fault; he had no chance to learn. Now he is taught—not only how to hold his own pistol straight, and how properly to load and handle it, but also he is made to learn the peculiarities of makes and patterns other than his own.

Later he will be taught many other things, if he is good. For even after he has been graduated from the school, he is not sitting with entire security on the police perch, for there still remain three months of his probationary period.

It is now fairly safe, however, to assume that this period will pass without notable event; that the former rookie will be seen "pounding our pavements" at last as a full-fledged cop, nonchalantly twirling his stick in complicated gyrations by its string. All ready, if occasion requires it, to stand us on our heads, restore us to consciousness and ring for an ambulance with the neatness and despatch that the Police School has taught him.

Solving Some Strange Murders

(*Continued from page 37*)

creases very greatly, indeed, the telephonic transaction of police business, which, although it undoubtedly has advantages at times, at others has notable disadvantages.

In Germany, or, at least, in Berlin, concealed weapons form a problem, somewhat as they do in the cities of America. Revolvers may be purchased without permits but the punishment for unlawful possession of firearms is six weeks imprisonment and fifty gold marks fine. The narcotic problem, in the spread of which German firms have played so large a part, really has not become serious in Berlin.

WE received a great deal of aid from Director Happe, who is in command of the Berlin Detective Bureau; Dr. Hargeman, his assistant director, who spoke English fluently, and Dr. Kaehler, the second assistant.

Dr. Mosle, traffic expert assigned to assist the Berlin police, was another who was able to make his explanations in clearest English. We received special facilities from Major Seyffarth who was assigned to guide us about the department, Captain Edwin Saal, and Kommissar Walter Stocker.

The list of the most common crimes in Berlin entirely omits the very common American one of murder. The list is headed by burglary, followed by robbery and petit larceny. The next on the list will strike an American as strange, as it is the stealing of metal, doorknobs and such from residences and hallways, a thing practically unknown in America. The next most frequent charge is one that has been practically eliminated from New York —that of white slavery. After this on the Berlin list comes the charges made against radicals and anarchists.

Berlin has long had a system that has but just within the last month come into practice in New York City in the handling of crimes by juveniles. A child under fourteen is not tried or imprisoned except for murder—in this Berlin goes farther than any American city. All cases against persons between the ages of 15 and 21 are heard in a special court on the lines of the new Children's Court just started in New York.

The Lost and Found rules of Berlin are quite different from those in any American city. A person who finds any article worth 75 cents or more must deliver it to the police. If in one year no claimant appears it reverts to the finder. Under this system eighty per cent of articles

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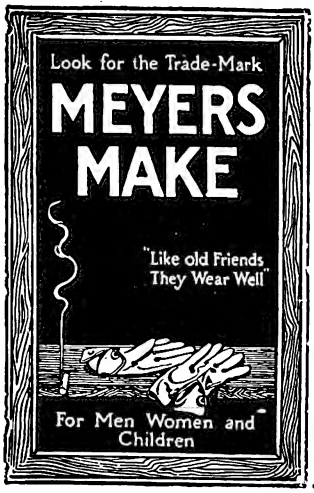

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are restored to the losers. In each case the finder receives five per cent reward from the loser for his trouble.

The Detective Bureau has the duty of newspaper censorship and a file room is maintained where copies of all newspapers are examined. The Berlin newspapers are quite well habituated to the practice of asking the police censor for approval of any articles about which they have the slightest doubt.

THE head of the Bureau of Criminal Identification in Berlin is the internationally famous Dr. Hans Schneickert. He is one of the great handwriting experts of the world and is at this moment collaborating with Albert S. Osborn of New York in certain advanced activities in connection with handwriting.

Because this is Dr. Schneickert's specialty the Berlin Bureau has one feature that is hardly to be found elsewhere. That is a handwriting file in which specimens of writing of criminals, suspected persons and persons whose handwriting has been forged are kept.

These are classified after the manner of a fingerprint file. All anonymous communications—and the Berlin police have to deal with many of these—and other writings that have been used in connection with crimes are here cleverly indexed. In the many worthless check cases that are forwarded to this bureau, even though the cases be unsolved, the evidence is placed on file awaiting a recurrence of the offense by the same writer. This usually occasions an arrest.

It is in the maintenance of a squad of four court experts that the Berlin Criminal Identification Division differs from many others. The specific duty assigned to these men is the visiting of scenes of crime, particularly of burglaries, in the search of fingerprints. They parallel in the case of burglars what their brother experts do in the case of murders as members of murder commissions.

As this is their exclusive duty these specialists have ample time to investigate the slightest fingerprint clue and their results are exceptionally good.

The burglaries in Berlin are reported by this department as having been 20,500 in 1921 and 15,900 in 1922. The great decrease was house and store burglaries. A "Criminal Album" maintained in this bureau consists of thirty parts divided according to characters of the crimes involved. Its thirty books are open to the public for the identification of criminals.

Because burglary has been increasingly common in Germany as the result of the impoverished conditions following the war, this bureau has had to take especial precautions against this class of crime. In addition to the fingerprints of the persons accused of burglary the bureau takes their palm prints, filing them by the names of the accused.

The police are greatly aided in this classification by the fact that it does not benefit a prisoner in Germany to give a false name. If his identity as given by him cannot be substantiated he is at once prosecuted and sentenced for giving the alias. It is unnecessary to say that a similar statute in the United States would be a great aid to the police.

For burglaries the Berlin police also keep a special file on a one fingerprint system. It is an independent and original Berlin method and is useful—as in many burglary cases—when only one fingerprint is found. Each finger is classified separately and quite independent of the other nine fingers.

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Notable Achievements of Our Peace Guardians in Various Cities

New York

A MONTH'S steady hunt for a man of whom they had only a bare description enabled Fire Marshal Thomas D. Brophy and Detective Thomas O'Neil to arrest George C. Gustow, twenty-six, of Washington Heights, on a charge of arson. The detective had obtained almost a dozen descriptions of a man who had been seen runing away from apartment houses where fires later were discovered. The descriptions varied a great deal but certain elements remained the same throughout them all and by combing the Washington Heights district steadily, he was able to have Gustow indentified. The man is said to have confessed that he set fire to about one hundred different buildings, most of them vacant. His reason was that he craved excitement.

* * *

A group of peculiar circumstances marked the solution of the mystery of a $100,000 jewel robbery in a downtown sky-scraper recently. Alexander Feldenheimer, a wholesale jeweler at Broadway and Maiden Lane, was robbed of uncut and unset diamonds by men who escaped from the building despite the fact that the building was closed against ingress and egress by an automatic alarm. Two comparatively cheap rings were taken along with the diamonds and detectives traced these to Dorothy Burns of 335 East 82nd Street. By arresting her they obtained a confession that her husband, James J. Burns, and Harry Chance of 334 West 124th Street, had committed the robbery. They said, however, that Mark Wolin, a jeweler and a friend of Feldenheim, who was with him at the time of the holdup, planned the crime and paid them $6,000 as their share of the loot. Wolin was arrested and charged with participation in the crime. Lt. Louis F. Dittman, and Detectives Cobb, Fleisch, Fleming, Fay and Minturn, shadowed Mrs. Burns for six days as the result of a tip received by them. Detectives employed by an insurance company involved in the case, asserted that the affair might lead to the uncovering of a gigantic ring of crooks engaged in the robbing of jewelers.

* * *

Sentenced to Sing Sing in 1922, Patrick Dealy, one of the best appearing and shrewdest thieves that the New York police have had to deal with in years, served only eight months of his ten-year sentence. That is because he escaped in the clothes of a woman actress who was appearing at a benefit in the prison. He had just previously given his word not to attempt to escape. In September, Detective Sergeant Edward Cooper received a "tip" that Dealy was living in Harlem and maintaining an automobile. As a result six detectives met him as he stepped from an apartment house and he surrendered. He said that he had made up his mind to kill any policeman who might attempt to capture him and admitted sixty robberies since his escape from Sing Sing. In one of these he obtained $15,000. He was about to leave for Cincinnati when the New York men overhauled him.

* * *

Marked bravery on the part of Patrolman Clarence Farley of the Fifth Avenue station, Brooklyn, resulted in the capture of David Burke, who has been identified as the man who killed Detective Bernard Grottano last May, following a holdup in a United Cigar Store on a prominent Brooklyn corner. The present arrest followed an attempt to holdup the jewelry store of Louis Mendelsohn, 540 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn, by Burke and a companion. Burke had jewelry worth $8,000 in a bag when he called to Mendelsohn from the back room to help him open the front door, which was stuck. The robbers threatened to kill Mendelsohn if he called for help, but he boldly followed them to the sidewalk and cried for aid. Farley came up on the run and pursued Burke, who had the suitcase. He dropped it and began firing at Farley, who fired back as he followed the man. Burke leaped on an automobile, and bade the driver, Max Kaufman, to "go like hell." Like Mendelsohn, Kaufman disobeyed orders and jammed on the brakes. Burke ran into a house and Farley, although hurt in the collision with a motorcycle, followed into a back yard over the fence, and out into Fourteenth Street. Burke crossed this street, entered another house and came out on Fifteenth Street, where he jumped on a trolley car. Farley just caught the car and Patrolman Joseph Hoolan, of the Fifth Avenue station, helped him arrest his man.

Other Cities

THE lives of two brave policemen were sacrificed in the killing of an unidentified bandit in Marquette, Mich. The men killed were Chief of Police Martin Ford and Patrolman Thomas Thornton. The man was suspected of being an escaped convict, and Thornton attempted to arrest him. The bandit instantly fired, wounding Thornton mortally. Despite this injury, Thornton pursued his man for three blocks, stopping only when he fell exhausted in the street. In a few moments Chief of Police Ford, with his son Lloyd and Patrolman Walter Teppert, took up the chase in a motor car. The fugitive attempted to ambush them from a protected position he had chosen behind a river bank. In the pistol battle that followed Chief Ford was killed and Lloyd Ford dangerously wounded. Teppert, however, succeeded in wounding the bandit who, in his determination not to be taken, threw himself into the river. He was found dead half an hour later.

* * *

A chance encounter in a drug store led to the quick solution by the Chicago police of what had been for twenty-four hours the mysterious slaying of a policeman and the wounding of another by a negro that they had attempted to interrogate. The man had escaped and the police had no trace of him when Sergeant Louis Klatzke chanced to step into a drug store at 1000 North Wells Street to buy cigarettes. Like all the other police, Klatzke was keenly on the alert for anything that might lead to the capture of the slayer of Patrolman Cornelius Broderick and he acted instantly when he heard a young negro talking to the druggist about getting aid for a friend who had been wounded in a crap game. Klatzke questioned the darkey, who was Louis Truvillion, and as a result led a raid on 902 Orleans Street, where Willis Sams, another negro, was found suffering from bullet wounds. In him the police believe they have the slayer of Patrolman Broderick, who had been killed a short time before, and obtained a confession from him that he had committed the crime.

The negro had opened fire on Patrolman Broderick and Patrolman Edward Mulcahy when they had approached him. The first shot wounded Mulcahy, who dropped in the street. Broderick gave chase, and in an exchange of shots fell mortally wounded, dying soon after in Lakeside Hospital. Mulcahy will recover.

* * *

Sentences that are intended to be proof against any real reduction under the parole laws were handed out by Superior Judge C. S. Cray of Los Angeles when he sentenced Harry J. Dunlap, convicted "badge" bandit, to two terms of life imprisonment and 214 years additional. The man was convicted on separate charges of robbery, criminal assault, and assault with intent to kill. As the sentences run consecutively, it will be out of the power of any parole board to free the man during his prospective life time. Only death or a pardon can end Dunlap's imprisonment.

* * *

Many Cincinnati robberies, holdups and burglaries, running back over a period of three years, are believed to have been cleared up by the capture of three alleged gunmen, William Corn, Sidney Boldt, and Robert Clark. Their arrest followed the holding up of a gasoline station and the escape of the three men in an auto, pursued by Chief of Police Goodpaster and Patrolman Thomas Owens of a suburban town. The bandits' car overturned at a creek

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and they sought refuge in a corn field, where the chief and a posse surrounded and captured them. They are said later to have confessed that they had been responsible for many unsolved robberies and burglaries around Cincinnati.

* * *

A "second Jesse James," as Roy Dougherty was sometimes called, died with his boots on when Joplin, Mo., police came upon him in a house near that city. Dougherty, who was an ex-convict, notorious bank robber and reputed slayer of 18 men, was wanted for the robbery of a bank in Asbury, Mo., last November. Chief of Detectives W. F. Gibson of Joplin and a squad of his men learned that the man was in hiding in a suburb, a fugitive from justice, and he immediately went to the house. Dougherty opened fire on Gibson from a window as Gibson neared the house from the rear. While Gibson kept the bandit occupied by firing at him, Detective Lew Vander Venter slipped into the front of the house and hid in a room adjoining the one from which Dougherty was shooting. The bandit ran from the first room into that occupied by the detective and Vander Venter shot him down in the doorway, placing six bullets in his body as he fell.

Two pals of Dougherty's, Lew Brackshire and Jess Conklin, are in prison on fifty-year terms for the same bank robbery, and Guy McKenzie is in jail charged with participation in the crime. Dougherty had killed members of posses who were pursuing him to the number of eighteen in Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma.

* * *

Detective Sergeant Paul Gerard of St. Louis showed his mettle in a very effective way when he unexpectedly found himself held up by a man who pressed a pistol into his back and ordered him to put up his hands. He was just stepping out of an automobile near a railroad yard when the muzzle of a pistol was pressed into his ribs at the back by a man he had not noticed. The detective promptly said, "All right, buddy, you have the drop on me," thereby throwing the highwayman a little bit off his guard. A fraction of a second later Gerard had drawn his own revolver, turned and shot his assailant through the heart. The man is unidentified. Gerard recently has been working with U. S. Narcotic Agent Charles Thompson and before that had been in the Homicide Squad of the Detective Bureau.

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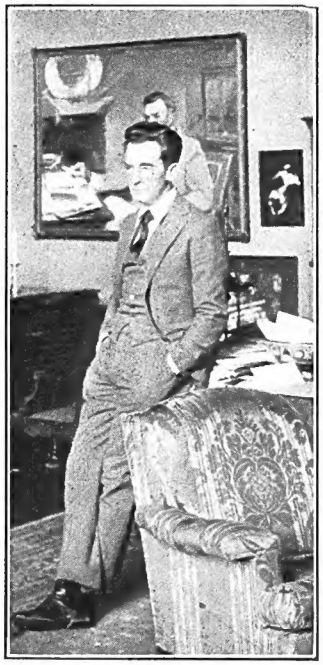
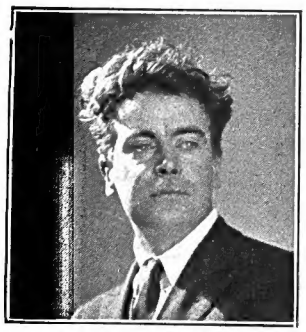
Our Contributors this Month

ONE of the most versatile of American artists, James Montgomery Flagg, is also one of the most popular. No magazine editor with a healthy budget considers an issue of his publication complete and rounded unless at least one story in it is illustrated by Flagg. There is an excellent reason for this. The artist, gifted with a technique in pen and brush all his own, actually reads the manuscripts he is given to illustrate and selects such passages as best lend themselves to picturement. Flagg, himself a writer of keen wit and acute observation, senses what the intelligent reader most desires in the way of illustration and gives it to him. He is an indefatigable worker and a swift one; he presents a dramatic situation with the least possible number of drawing-pen strokes but presents it all. There is no niggling, no needlework, no uncertainty in his line. He draws with the accuracy that an adding-machine totals up a column of figures.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The cover on this month's issue by Mr. Flagg is an excellent example of his work in oils. The traffic policeman is drawn from life. His laugh is not forced; he is known to hundreds of thousands automobile drivers in and around New York as "the Smiling Cop." The picture is both a work of art and a "human document."



P. J. MONAHAN

P. J. ("PAT") MONAHAN is artist and inventor. He gains his livelihood by making pictures for the magazines and the walls of the discerning, and constructs internal combustion engines as a hobby. He hopes that one day his hobby will become the basis of a fortune. He has a good singing voice and a big farm. He enjoys using the former and makes the latter yield him food the year around. Mr. Monahan's illustration to the thought-provoking article, "Something To Think About," in this issue, is characteristic of the Monahan style in pen-and-ink work.

ADA PATTERSON

ADA PATTERSON is one of the foremost interviewers of America. Once Dorothy Dix wrote of her: "She is the best character interviewer in this country, which means in all the world." Arthur Brisbane said: "When nobody else can get someone to talk, we send Ada Patterson and she gets him." Keats Speed, editor of the New York *Sun,* once recorded the fact that "Miss Patterson is the best all-around newspaper woman in the United States." Throughout her journalistic career, which began when she was fourteen years old, she contributed frequently to the magazines. For the past year she has devoted all her time to that field; she has achieved a great success as a magazine contributor.

In her interview work Miss Patterson has published intimate talks with famous and notorious persons; she has run the gamut from David Belasco to Nan Patterson (no relation), whom no jury would convict of killing her lover, Caesar Young. Miss Patterson was the most brilliant journalistic figure in the Becker case, being the first to talk with the widow of the murdered gambler and the widows of the gunmen who were executed for the murder. On the night that Becker was executed for the crime, the newspapers sought vainly for the widow of the slain gambler. Miss Patterson had her secreted in her apartment and startled Park Row with what was called a "Dantean Story" of her all-night vigil with the widow, receiving bulletins of the grim event at Sing Sing practically from the side of the electric chair.

Miss Patterson has been described as one who "interprets a person to himself" and her interview with Commissioner Enright in this issue of POLICE MAGAZINE is one of her finest as it is one of her latest achievements. Ada Patterson will be a frequent contributor to this magazine.

JAMES ANTHONY KELLY

JAMES ANTHONY KELLY is from Des Moines, Iowa, but he spent his early life in the farther West. He comes of a line of stone-carvers. Instead of becoming himself a sculptor he turned to drawing at fifteen. His first art job paid him $3 a week. Today his illustrations are in demand by the best magazines. He is a good boxer and at one time he thought he would be a professional pugilist. Some antagonist broke his nose in a rough bout and he turned to the gentler art of picture-making. His illustration to the story "The Mystery of the Shattered Hand" in this number is representative of one of his rapid wash-drawings.

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